RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.] Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

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Our City—Chicago.

The following statements may be relied upon as strictly true, having been compiled from the best statistical reports made up to the first of January last.

Thirty-five years ago Chicago contained only nine families, all told—thirty souls. In 1864, 169,353. The increase in population during the year 1863 (the severest year of the rebellion) was *nineteen thousand*. Now estimated according to Halpin's City Directory at 204,066.

RAILROADS.

Chicago has just claims to be considered the center of the railway system of the continent. There is scarcely a respectable railroad in the country that does not seek to effect a connection more or less direct with some one of the great lines which make Chicago an eastern or western terminus.

A glance at the map of Illinois, then and now, will reveal the wondrous change that fifteen years have wrought. Then the map presented an even surface, marked only by county and town divisions and water courses. Now it is crossed and dotted with lines throughout its entire length and breadth, representing as many railroads, all by connection or otherwise centering in Chicago. The map of Illinois now looks like a checkerboard.

Already Chicago is the greatest primary grain market in the world, and second to none in respect to her packing interests. And yet, but 15,000,000 of the 35,000,000 of acres in Illinois, 8,000,000 of the 50,000,000 of acres in Iowa, 8,000,000 of the 50,000,000 of acres in Wisconsin, 3,000,000 of the 40,000,000 of acres in Minnesota, 3,000,000 of the 37,000,000 of acres in Missouri, and not more than 2,000,000 of the hundreds of millions of acres in the vast territories west of the Missouri river are under cultivation.

It requires no prophetic ken to fortell the commercial greatness of Chicago, when all this immense region shall have been subdued and cultivated and settled by an industrious population, and penetrated by the lines of railroad now progressing and projected. Then Chicago will become the market whence the world will draw its supplies. Sparsely settled as all this region is, and producing scarce a tithe of what it is capable of producing, we are already able to export large quantities of breadstuffs to Europe, and to furnish the armies of every christian nation on the face of the earth with our provisions.

CHICAGO CITY RAILWAY.

The Chicago City Railway Company was incorporated February 14, 1859. The company owns 35 cars, 255 horses and mules, and give employment to 200 men. It is estimated that the State street and Archer road line have carried between the 1st of January, 1864, and 1865, a total of 3,451,340 passengers. The present daily average is not far short of 12,000 passengers. At that rate the company will transport about 4,500,000 passengers during the ensuing year. The officers of the Chicago City Railway are:

President—Samuel M. Nickerson.
Vice President—Henry Fuller.
Superintendent—Charles H. Walker.
Secretary and Treasurer—Geo. W. Fuller.

WEST DIVISION RAILWAY.

The West Division Railway Company owns and operates the lines running west of Chicago river.

The company owns 47 cars, 373 horses, and employ 225 men. The estimated number of miles run during the year is 592,288.

The following are the officers:

President and Superintendent—J. R. Jones.
Secretary and Treasurer—Wm. H. Ovington.
Superintendent—Geo. W. Webb.

NORTH CHICAGO CITY RAILWAY.

This railroad is made up of the following lines: The City Limits line; the Sedgwick and North avenue line; the Clybourne avenue and Larrabee street line; the Chicago avenue line, and the Graceland line. Upon the last named line extending from the city limits to Graceland, steam is used. A proposition is before the Common Council to allow the use of steam on the remainder of the road. The company has lately completed shops for rebuilding and repairing their rolling stock, which will supply a want they have long felt. The number of passengers carried by the North Division Railway average bout 3,000 daily. They have about thirty cars, 100 horses, and give employment to 100 men. The following are the officers of the company:

President—J. B. Turner.
Secretary and Treasurer—V. C. Turner.
Superintendent—H. L. Bristol.

CHICAGO IMPROVEMENTS—1865.

THE LAKE TUNNEL.—A tunnel under the lake is being constructed for the purpose of supplying the city with pure lake water, two miles out from the shore, at a cost of $3,000,000.

FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.—One of the most important enterprises of the year has been the Fire Alarm Telegraph.

WATER SUPPLY.—Very nearly thirteen miles of water pipe have been laid in the city during the year, of all sizes.

THE ARTESIAN WELL sends forth an immense amount of pure water to a great elevation, which is carrying an overshot-wheel to drill another well fifteen inches in diameter. This work was commenced and is being carried on successfully under the direction of spirits, Abraham James, medium. Don't fail to go and see it when you visit Chicago.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE is a magnificent building, just opened to the public. Not excelled in beauty and elegance on the continent.

LOMBARD'S BLOCK just completed, next building west of the Post Office—one of the finest, if not the very best building in the city. Mr. L. does things well. He is the gentleman who endowed Lombard University at Galesburg, this State.

THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING is equal to anything of the kind on the continent. Corner of Lasalle and Washington streets.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENTS.

Crosby's Opera House; McVicker's Theatre; Wood's Museum; The Varieties; Budworth's Minstrels. All good of their kind, and pleasant places for amusement and relaxation from the daily rounds of toil.

PROPERTY STATISTICS.

The total value of the property in this city may safely be assessed at over one hundred and fifty millions, or about one thousand dollars to each man, woman and child within its limits—we admit that the distribution is scarcely equal.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The many educational facilities of the city have throughout the year, and especially during the latter months, been strained to their utmost capacity. All the public schools have been filled almost to overflowing, and in many cases it has been found absolutely necessary to procure other buildings to accomodate the large number of children whom the district school-houses could not contain. Two buildings of this kind have been secured.

As we have before stated, the schools have all been well attended during the year, proof of which is evident from the annexed table, which represents the approximate attendance at the close of the year:

School.	Enrollment.	Average. Attendance	Average. Membership.	Per Cent. of attendance.
High	342	312	336.6	93.6
Dearborn	845	693	767.5	90.2
Jones	734	599	648.8	92.3
Scammon	973	796	875.3	91.
Kinzie	974	791	883.1	90.7
Franklin	1297	1076	1109.7	92.5
Washington	1391	1066	1201.7	88.8
Mosely	841	649	699.8	92.8
Brown	747	616	669.9	91.9
Foster	1804	1454	1635.2	88.9
Ogden	905	745	833.	89.5
Newberry	896	701	803.	87.
No. Twelve	505	398	447.	92.
Skinner	1632	1283	1458.9	88.6
Haven	937	735	849.9	91.1
South Chicago	102	74	90.	83.5
Bridgeport	285	201	240.1	83.7
Holstein	65	48	56.5	83.1
Colored	167	107	125.	83.6
Total	15451	12344	13720.5	90.

The total expense of maintaining the city schools for the past fiscal year was $95,550.91.

We have submitted to our many hundreds of thousands of readers the foregoing correct abstract from statistical reports of the business of this great commercial city, not in the way of boasting but to show the facts as they actually exist.

Chicago has had, and is still having the most wonderful growth of any city on the face of the globe. Indeed it is the commercial center of the great Northwest—a world in itself.

From this great living center the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will radiate from week to week. We hope the millions, for whom we labor, will give us their hearty support.

Letter from Dr. Bryant.

Dear Journal:

It is with the highest satisfaction that I hail your first number, and my heart swells largely when I contemplate upon the amount of good you are to do among men and women, or humanity all over the world. I do not think you can realize the feelings of an almost impatient recipient as he grasps the JOURNAL, eager to devour the spiritual food it contains. May God bless you, and help you to scatter broadcast the seeds of spiritual truth. I pray that the friends of progress all over the land will come forward to your support. I am truly devoted to the JOURNAL. Shall work faithfully and perseveringly for your subscription list—and as "it's of no use to have friends without using them," I give you the privilege of using me for any purpose which will promote the interests of the corporation, or add to its growth and prosperity.

But under the management of our distinguished friends S. S. Jones, Esq., and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, together with a long list of able contributers, "THE JOURNAL" must succeed, and be appreciated by a generous public.

I remain at home for rest till August 7th, and shall open rooms to "Heal the Sick," on Tuesday, August 15th, 1865, at 119 Wisconsin st., (opposite the Post Office,) Milwaukee, Wisconsin, remaining there three months, after which I intend to visit Chicago and all the western cities.

I am constantly receiving invitations from persons all over the United States and Canadas, for me to visit their different cities; and in reply to such invitations I would say, that to visit *all* these places takes time. I am young yet, and may in a few years reach the most of these people. My advice, however, is for those who desire to be healed to come to *me*—wherever I may be. Every candid observer will notice that justice cannot be done to patients by rushing them through at the rate of five hundred or more patients per day. To be *healed*, they need something more than a "touch," and a promise that that they shall be well in "nine days and nine hours," and besides, no operator can do justice to his patients by remaing thirty days or less in a place. Such farces as were played at "Metropolitan Hall," in Chicago, and at Toledo, last spring, do nobody good. The patient loses his money and his time, and derives no benefit.

For the good of *my* patients, and the sake of *my own* reputation, I give notice that I shall make no engagements for a general practice to remain less than two months; nor shall I treat over one hundred and twenty-five per day. My terms will always remain the same as they have been. Patients will pay in proportion to property. All persons unable to pay are cordially invited without pay. I do not desire people to send their *garments* or articles of jewelry to me; for if it is absolutely impossible for the patients to visit me, I can operate and heal them through a third person! Many visit me and *ask* me to bestow the healing power upon them, which I would gladly do, but God alone has the power to bestow such gifts. *He* alone bestowed it upon *me*. It is an innate principle in *some* organizations, and still further devoloped by use; and those who have it not when born into this life, cannot obtain it through human agency. Persons who profess to bestow such gifts upon others, are only egotists.

It is my mission to "Heal the Sick," even as *Jesus* and the Apostles healed. I may have trespassed in writing so long a letter. If the readers of the JOURNAL so decide, I will write shorter in future.

Very respectfully, &c.,

J. P. BRYANT.

SIXTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL

OF THE

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

Held in St. Charles, Ill., July 1 and 2, 1865.

[Reported by H. A. Jones.]

The Festival was called to order by S. H. Todd, Esq., Vice President of the Society.

The following officers were elected, viz:

Hon. S. S. Jones, President.

S. H. Todd, Esq., Mrs. C. Bowen and Mrs. M. J. Fuller, Vice Presidents.

H. A. Jones, Esq., Secretary and Lois Waisbrooker, Assistant Secretary.

President Jones, on taking the chair, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In accordance with the call of the Religio-Philosophical Society, located at this place, you have assembled, from various parts of the great Northwest, to participate in the intellectual, moral and spiritual exercises of the sixth Annual Festival of this Society—a society that was organized upon the broadest basis of the recognition of individual rights, of the freedom of thought and the sovereignty of each human being to think, to speak and to act up to the highest light beaming into his inmost soul.

This Society was the first to establish this broad and free platform, and publish it to the world. A little more than five years have elapsed, and now hundreds of other societies have been organized, upon the same broad platform, under the same articles of association, many under the same name, and all the same staunch advocates and friends of human progress.

While recognizing the fact that man, by nature, is a religious being, we feel that a phase of religion that will not stand the test of philosophy, science and enlightened reason, is unworthy the free-born minds of the last half of the nineteenth century. The inauguration of these principles, as a basis of action, was the foreshadowing of a new era on the earth. Violent has been the opposition of timid souls, who could conceive of no higher principles for Spiritualists to be governed by than the re-vamping of some old sectarian formula. But the true philosopher and clear thinker has boldly said, Give us a system of religion that will stand the test of science or none at all. Let individual rights, in matters of faith, be deemed sacred; and let no body of men and women presume to prescribe articles of faith for individuals.

Let all who can, conscientiously, unite in the great work of human emancipation and elevation, do so, and, with equal freedom, withdraw from fellowship whenever it may become their pleasure so to do.

These principles have but to be presented to the soul who is divested of sectarian trammels, to be appreciated and loved. They are such as meet the approval of the angelic hosts, and such as are taught to earth's children on their entrance into the spirit-world. They soften the human heart and elevate all in the scale of humanity.

There is a natural repugnance, in the minds of reformers, to all forms of organization, or, rather, a timidity that causes us to hesitate, and prefer no form, for fear that any that may be presented may partake of old church formulas, so far as to, in some degree, impose burdens and restrictions upon individual rights.

This is a wise caution. No one dreads—ay, utterly abhors such burthens and restrictions more than your speaker. The articles which constitute the basis of this organization, have wisely guarded against any power in the Society, in any particular, to infringe upon the individual rights of its members, either in faith or otherwise. These features have induced many spiritualists, in the different parts of the country, to adopt and to organize under them. It is a combination of individuals for the purpose of inaugurating and conducting facilities for intellectual, moral and spiritual growth, upon philosophical and scientific principles, thus giving a basis of character that shall leave our religious nature to unfold, entirely free from sectarian influences, a spontaneous outgrowth of man's religious nature, untrammeled by preconceived opinions of bigots or the blind credulity of over-zealous adherents to theological systems of faith. We present a broad and free platform to the world, and invite all classes and phases of faith to compare notes, knowing that truth will stand the closest scrutiny.

Never was there a time in the world's history when such a platform was so loudly called for as at the present. The first nation in general intelligence on the face of the globe, has just passed through the trying struggle which has demonstrated that man is capable of self-government. The founders of this republic, by divine inspiration, proclaimed that great truth, but it has ever been denied by the aristocrats of the old world, and, in practice, by the same class at home. What has been demonstrated in the terrible struggle our beloved country has just passed through, must now be carried into actual practice, and it becomes all reformers to unite their energies in diffusing light and knowledge among the masses, and see to it that all are protected in their individual rights, in the reconstruction of the noble fabric, founded by our fathers, and now re-established and purified by the blood of their sons. "In union there is strength." Let us reformers, of every grade and phase of faith, unite with the angelic hosts of the higher spheres, and do our whole duty at this critical hour. Let us present a broad and free platform that shall hold sacred and dispense to each and every human being the same rights and privileges claimed by ourselves. Let us bear aloft the standard of equal rights for all. Let us disseminate light and knowledge throughout the world. Let us extend the hand of charity to the downfallen and oppressed everywhere. Let our motto be, "The unfoldment and elevation of human character, now and forever."

E. V. Wilson took the floor, and spoke of the spread of spiritualism in the South, and the opening there presented for speakers, but remarking, "they would find it a hard road to travel."

In conference, he was followed by Dr. Morrison, of McHenry, Ill. He spoke of the infinite powers of progression of the human soul, with some personal remarks, to the effect that he was now before the public as a speaker, &c.

Mrs. Tefft, of Elgin, Ill., gave some touching personal experiences and her progress in our faith.

Mr. Dayton, of Huntly, then took the floor. He said, "If the world does misrepresent us—what of it? I have seen both sides of society: the high and the low; and in the next world I have clairvoyantly seen the lowly poor become guardians to the higher classes. Little do we know for what we are being prepared in the world beyond."

Conference adjourned till 3 o'clock P. M. Then opening in conference.

Dr. Coonley called attention to one of the various phases of spiritualism, namely, that of healing persons at a distance, relating several remarkable instances of this power in his own experiences; and said, further, that his power was greater in some localities than in others. At one locality, Tyrone, Penn., he had this power to a wonderful extent; also, at Hannibal, Mo.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, of Eau Claire, Wis., took the floor, and spoke on the reconstruction of the church, saying that there were certain phases of spiritualism with which he was in sympathy, and certain others with which he was not; that he looked upon spiritualism as a disintegrating power, but that he thought the time had come when all reformers of whatever name could act together; that we needed a grand Eclectic Church. That he had been writing to many reformatory speakers to engage them in the same enterprise, and that they proposed to hold a convention at Beaver Dam, Wis., the 18th of July, and that he wished Spiritualism to be represented there, as well as Universalism, Unitarianism, Swedenborgians, and all other liberal elements.

E. V. Wilson then spoke, favoring disintegration until all superstitious veneration for the past was broken down, and people could look upon the Bible as upon any other book; declaring himself still an iconoclast, and that there was work still for the iconoclast to do.

He was followed by Mrs. Parker, who spoke in favor of the Elective Franchise for woman, as the foundation of all future guarantees of rights, and alluded to the fact that the tyrannical Government of Austria had been before Republican America in the granting of this right to women.

Mrs. Parker was followed by Dr. Underhill, who said, "I am glad to see you all," etc., talking in his good, fatherly way for some minutes. Then speaking of the doctrine of the Trinity, said, "There is nothing so absurd as this killing one God to satisfy the vengeance of another—and failing to do it then—and both Gods *one* at the same time."

He was followed by Mrs. Dr. Stillman, of Whitewater, Wis., who, in reply to Mrs. Parker, ridiculed the idea of women going to the polls in a fashionable dress; who, while she was in favor of woman's voting, claimed that the reform dress must be adopted as a precedent movement; that the great demand of the age was *health*. "If women compress the chest so as to press out their very life, would they not vote, if fashion said so, for a very bad measure? If a man marries now-a-days, he must marry a wife, doctor, apothecary's shop, and two or three Irish girls. Health affects the morals of a community. If a child is sick it soon is cross and unamiable. Religion should be practical enough to affect our every day life. As for me, I would not sacrifice one principle to save any cause. A cause that dare not express its own principles is not worth saving."

Lois Waisbrooker said—speaking of the reform dress—"I believe every individual should wear that dress that they feel most at home in. I have all the opposition which my spirit feels strong enough to bear." She continued her remarks at some length, illustrating her idea.

Dr. Coonley asked—"Why should the Spiritualism of the past be venerated if the Spiritualism of to-day be ridiculed!" and further, that "man was an epitome of all things below him in the universe, and the question was how he should be developed so as to bring out only the higher qualities, and keep the lion and tiger in abeyance."

Harvey A. Jones, of Sycamore, Ill., spoke on organization, saying that the truths of Spiritualism could not be monopolized, and would, in time, be incorporated into the churches; and that, if we organized, it would only be as leaders; that this did not necessitate the dropping of any organization we had in the present, as the Religio-Philosophical Society or any similar organization."

He was followed by a recitation, by Mrs. Coonley: "This world is worthy better men," by Gerald Massey.

The meeting adjourned till half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

The regular lecture of the evening was by E. V. Wilson, who said: "As I was passing up the street I heard a lady say, 'He is one of these Spiritualists, and, let me tell you, I think it is all of the Devil!' Friends, I shall take this for my text, or rather the subject of Diabolism, or things devilish. Diabolism, in every age, has been the great cry to stifle free human effort. The same cry was raised against Daniel and all the wise men of old, and Christ's greatest works were said to be from the devil. But when Christians came into power, under Constantine, lo! *presto*, change! every thing that opposed Christianity was diabolism. The Church now became the greatest enemy of human progress. The Church it was who persecuted Galileo. Now came Faust with his printing press; it was diabolism; the Church were for demolishing it. Again, when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, it was diabolism; and when Jenner introduced the principle of vaccination, the ignorant preacher said: 'My children, do not have anything to do with this cow-matter; it is from the devil!'" He went on to show in his own powerful manner, that every step of human progress had been met with this same cry of diabolism; and the good book showed that the devil circumvented God by getting the wholesale business of the world, and leaving God the retail—taking ninety-nine souls and giving God the one hundredth.

Adjourned till half-past eight o'clock Sunday morning.

The Conference was opened Sunday morning by Ira Porter, Muskegon, Mich.

He was followed by Dr. Underhill; subject: "Moonshine." The doctor remarked that it is said people sleeping with moonshine falling on their eyes are subject to blindness and distortion. Now I love the moonshine; it is beautiful, but still it has no warmth, and I turn toward the sunshine for health and strength. Now, friends, the whole theological world is sleeping with the moonshine falling directly upon their spiritual eyes, and it has made them blind. What is moonshine? Why, it is reflected light. And is not old theology all reflected light? and lights reflected from a sun whose rays fall so obliquely that it is like moonshine in winter. And still we are told that we must depend upon this moonshine for spiritual light and warmth, even when the sun of inspiration is pouring its vivifying rays upon us. Talk of reflected inspiration as a dependence! Why, people would laugh should you talk of the benefits of moonlight, after the sun had risen. The doctor then went on with practical illustrations in various ways.

Mrs. Parker then gave an essay on the "Utility of Spiritualism," claiming that we were all mediums in a certain sense, and that we should beware of manifesting the spirit of evil propensities in every day life. Her essay abounded in useful hints, telling us "to recognize truth and humanity which had so long been crucified between the common law and theology."

Recitation by Mrs. Coonley, "Barbara Frietchie," by J. G. Whittier, delivered with much pathos and power, and elicited much applause.

Next a trance lecture by Mr. Coonley. "The inquiry for the last eight hundred years has been, what shall I do to be saved," to which the influence replied, from what we, as a people, ought to be saved. But space forbids extracts as we would desire.

Original poem—"Our Coming Battle Fields,"—by Mrs. Harvey A. Jones.

The Convention was then adjourned till 1½ P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A young couple present wished to be married. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, now of Chicago, was invited to officiate on the occasion. Mrs. Brown took the stand and dealt some severe blows against the marriage laws. She plead for the equality of wife and husband before the law as they were before God. She said the laws robbed the wife of her child, of her property, of her name, of her individuality; and the merciless tyrant, Society, frowned upon her efforts to free herself from these wretched wrongs. She censured parents who suffered their children to rush blindly, and without due preparation to the marriage altar. Mothers and fathers sell their beautiful innocent daughters for homes, a maintenance, and positions. They may coax their consciences into the belief that these children are *married!* while they have been sacrificed upon an earthly shrine. To these immolations may be traced the heart-aches, the suicides, the jealousies, elopements, insanity, drunkenness, and in fact, about all the ills and curses that call for prisons, asylums, doctors and preachers. Where there is no soul-love there is no marriage—where only law-links bind, what may we not expect?

Mrs. Brown spoke earnestly in behalf of *true* soul unions. She said wedded hearts had no need of legislation to keep them together, they were bound by natural, by eternal laws, and could not, would not be *dis*-united. Such unions were productive of peace, good will, and holy aspirations. The children of such unions are love-children, the world's Saviors.

The marriage ceremony was then performed, in substance, as follows:

The parties will rise—join your right hands. Mr. Owen Handy and Miss Mary Parker, by the linking of hands we infer your hearts are already united, and that you only ask a public recognition of the marriage already registered in heaven. Therefore, by the authority vested in me by the State of Illinois, I pronounce you husband and wife. May Wisdom, Love, and Truth, a divine trinity, be, through all time, your guardian angels.

Mrs. Dr. Potts was the next speaker. She said, "Woman, not knowing herself, knows not how to seek the right qualities in a man necessary to make her a good husband." She gave a general dissertation on subjects of reform, and gave tobacco and tobacco users some special hard hits.

Mr. Porter said, "I have been studying Spiritualism for the last eighteen years, and begin to have a desire to see our doctrines carried out." He went on to say that "human existence was educational," and illustrated his views of practical and theoretical education combined, with considerable force.

Then followed a recitation by Mrs. Coonley—the Convention then adjourned till 6½ o'clock, in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The Conference was opened with remarks by Father Underhill, which brought tears from many eyes. Lois Waisbrooker followed with an original poem, written years ago, on "Gray Heads with Young Hearts."

Dr. Morrison then spoke, followed by E. V. Wilson with the regular lecture on the subject of "God in the History of America"—and as he went on tracing out the finger-marks of the Almighty in the struggle of the last few years—I hardly know whether to call him a battle-axe in the hands of that God whose guidance he so clearly demonstrated in the Destiny of this Nation, or a Thunderbolt, sent with the lightnings of Inspiration, to demolish the strong holds of conservative error.

HARVEY A. JONES, Sec'y.
LOIS WAISBROOKER, Asst. Sec'y.

A REMARKABLE CURE.—Dr. Persons, of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, has performed a very wonderful cure of Mrs. Julia Hicks, who has been ossified for fourteen years. A correspondent in the Fond du Lac *Daily Press* says:—"About ten days since, when the Dr. first took her case in hand, she was unable to move a limb or a joint in her body. She now has almost perfect control of her head, neck, arms, fingers, and the upper portion of her body.

"This, indeed is a remarkable case, and causes the most ardent votary of the "old school," to wonder, if not to examine into this new healing science. The remarkable effect produced upon Mrs. Hicks, has only occupied about six operations of three minutes each, while under the influence of chloroform; and what is more remarkable, not a semblance of a knife or metallic instrument was used during the operations, but all effected under the dynamic system, or animal magnetism applied by the human hand. The lady intends visiting the Institute at Milwaukee where Dr. P. is confident of effecting a permanent and lasting cure."

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?—Josh Billings, in writing from Long Branch to the Troy *News*, says:—"The servants are generally blak, but menny ov them have lived so long among the whites that they begin to adopt our kuller." Does Josh mean that *his* servants are growing white? or, by some strange freak, adopting *his* "kuller?" We have heard that the rising generation in the South are adopting the "kuller" of our soldiers. It certainly does not speak well for the taste of colored mothers.

We expect money to accompany the names of subscribers.

BF1001 .P4

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

The Confessions of a Poet Soul.*

BY BELLE BUSH.

Mortals, while on earth I wandered,
Golden sands of life I squandered,
Many years of life I squandered,
Vainly seeking for the rest
That had never been my guest!
For I was in heart a poet.

Oft I heard the mystic numbers,
Heard the holy rythmic numbers,
Sweeping through the universe,
And I yearned, in lofty verse,
All their sweetness to rehearse—
Yearned to be on earth a poet.

But my harp was quaintly fashioned,
All its chords were quaintly fashioned,
And its tones were wild, impassioned;
Like the throbbing of the ocean
When it heaves in high commotion,
Seemed the pulse of each emotion,
When I felt myself a poet.

Starting like a soul whose slumbers
Half reveal some mystic wonders,
Eagerly I waked its numbers;
And from out the red volcano,
From the fiery hot volcano
Of my passion, poured I forth
Lava-tides of thought, whose worth
Won for me the name of poet.

Then I revelled with my treasure,
Feasted it with every pleasure,
Till the gaunt and gloomy ghoul,
Lurking in the maddening bowl,
Thrust his talons in my soul,
Came and danced with me at midnight,
Came with dark and dreary midnight,
Like a spectre to my door,
Singing of a lost Lenore,
And of hopes that nevermore
Here should bless the lonely poet.

Friends of earth, oh! restless mortals,
Lingering still at life's dull portals,
Wouldn't thou know what fatal treason
Lost me faith and hope and reason;
Lost me happiness and heaven,
Till by storms my soul was driven
Onward, toward the only haven
That awaits the slave or craven,
Who to passion blindly yields;
Or to dark temptation yields?
Ask ye this, who calls me poet?

Ye who name me with that title,
With that high and holy title,
Have ye never paused to question,
Paused to ask yourself the question,
Whether, with my gifts of mind;
With its wealth of lore refined,
I should not have higher soared,
And through nobler strains outpoured,
Learned to be a truer poet?

Lest no one the question asking,
Idle fame should still be basking,
In the glitter of my name,
And forget the grief and shame
That pursued me, year by year,
While I lingered in your sphere,
I, myself, will pause and answer,
Give you true and cheerful answer
To that questions deep'ning lore,
Tell you what, upon your shore,
Would have made me more a poet.

Less of impulse and of passion,
More of pity and compassion;
Less of words that only sadden,
More of those that cheer and gladden,
Would have made me more a poet.

Less contempt for patient labor,
More of trust in friends and neighbor;
Working less for self than others;
Blessing all my human brothers,
Would have made me more a poet.

Less of draughts that fed the fever,
Fed the burning, restless fever
Glowing like a heated lever,
In the furnace of my soul,
Would have left me self-control—
Would have made me more a poet.

Less of pleasure, more of duty;
More of cheerful, loving duty,
Would have oped the gates of beauty,
Would have shown me fields elysian,
Opening to my spirit vision—
Would have made me more a poet.

Less of waywardness in youth,
More respect for holy truth,
Would have worked me less of ruth;
Worked me less of bitter ruth,
Would have given me strength to conquer,
Given me strength to rise, and conquer,
All the tumult of my passions,
Quelled the maelstrom of my passions;
Would have driven the gloomy ghoul,
Lurking in the maddening bowl,
With its talons, from my soul;
Would have made me more a poet.

But I ne'er had learned that beauty,
In the paths of truth and duty,
Strews her choicest pearls along;
And who ere pursues them long,
Will, in heart, grow brave and strong—
Strong to rise and conquer wrong.
I had never learned this lesson,
Learned by heart this holy lesson,
That who'er pursues his pleasure—
Thinketh only of his pleasure—
Never finds the precious treasure;
Hence, my soul was tempest driven,
Lightning scarred, and sorrow riven;
Haunted by a ghostly raven
Spectre of the slave or craven,
Unto whom, though much he's striven,
Holy rest is never given,
Like refreshing dews from heaven,
Hence I was but half a poet.

From my harp there came no numbers,
Came no holy rythmic numbers
Echoing thro' the universe,
Saying, in mysterious verse:
God is love, and highest beauty,
Wedded is to truth and duty.
Never can we find the one
That the other does not run
Quickly in the self same path,
Although storms may sweep in wrath
Round us in our earthly dwelling.
Still with peace our spirits dwelling,
Will know happiness and heaven;
Never will be tempest driven,
Never scarred and lightning riven,
As was I, to whom was given
Precious pearls that, had I striven
Fitly with the demon pleasure,
Would have won for me life's treasure,
Won me happiness and heaven,
That to duller souls were given,
While my own was tempest driven,
Lightning scarred and sorrow riven,
For I was but half a poet.

Oh! ye crowned and blessed mortals,
Lingering at the golden portals
Where ye hear the mystic numbers,
Hear the holy rythmic numbers,
Sweeping through the universe,
Learn, oh! learn, in loftiest verse.
All their sweetness to rehearse;
Learn to be in truth a poet.

Wake no sounds that only sadden,
Breathe no words that chill or madden;
Let your passional fever die,
And their heated lava lie
'Neath the wealth of feeling high,
Like the Scoria that sinks
Down into abysmal sinks
From the fountains whence you drink,
Leaving on each flowery brink
Only sweet refreshing draughts;
Let your songs be nectar draughts,
Giving joy whoever quaffs.
Sing of hope, that to us wafts
Dreams, that came like floating rafts;
Drifting on, with shining masts,
Toward us and the shining past.
Sing of love, that sinks her shaft
In our hearts, and stays to graft
In the flowering tree of life
Buds that shall not bear us strife.
Sing of faith, and holy peace,
Sympathies that never cease,
Joys, that in their use increase,
Charity, that thinks no ill,
Though a brother climb a hill,
Up which we have toiled for hours,
By a nearer path than ours.
Sing of life, and love, and duty;
Sing of hope, and joy, and beauty;
Sing of TRUTH, as highest beauty.

* While I was engaged in writing the introduction to my flock of poems, just published, the above lines unexpectedly bowed into my mind, and persistently claimed attention till they were written, when I was enabled to continue my task as before. From what source they came I leave your readers to conjecture, since in the character of the poem itself they have all the clue that I have to its origin.

Concerning Spiritualism: Its Extent, Its Value and Its Work.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

And first: The conviction of its truth is too extensive among all classes, professions, and pursuits to be regarded as in whole, or in great part, a delusion. True, there are persons who are more or less deluded by sham manifestations, crude notions, absurd conjectures mistaken for fact, semi-psychological performances mistaken for spiritual verities, and actual deception is received as genuine realities, who are spiritualists. But making all due discount for these things, by far the largest class of persons are free from these delusions. Add to this the consideration that those who are so deluded, are not wholly, or even largely deluded. This class, at the worst, believe more truth than error, and are more elevated than depressed by their sum total convictions. And of what class of religionists can any thing more favorable be truthfully said? The most thoroughly befooled Spiritualist is less deluded than the most respectable Calvinist or Methodist—has less darkness and terror in his convictions, more exalted and exalting ideas of God, of moral freedom, and of the great Hereafter, and is pushed by his ideas to more practical reformatory work than any creed-bound soul whatever. The theology of the most deluded Spiritualist, will come out of the ordeal of the most searching criticism with more substance of faith left untouched than that of any orthodox person in the land. For all that, his delusions need cutting away none the less. We do not ask any charity for our delusions. We are not cowards, and do not go crying mercy for our faith from the critics. A candid criticism, (a very rare thing to obtain) we invite; an uncandid one we do not fear.

Making all due allowance then for errors of all kinds, Spiritualism is still too largely received by the thinking, in all classes, to be considered a delusion in the main. Its vast extent and living influence, are not characteristics of semi-total deception. Nothing from nothing comes. It counts its open receivers by millions in America alone, while it is well known to well informed persons, that tens of thousands more secretly receive it as genuine. I know that U. S. Senators and Representatives, Governors of States, Lawyers, Physicians and Christian Ministers in the course of social converse have clearly asserted their full conviction of the truth, and use and beauty of this great fact. One Minister not long since told me that he was trying to lead his entire church out into the light and liberty of the Spiritual movement. Said he, to me "nothing but brick and mortar walls divide us." Nor are these persons of no mark in their own connexions. Some of them hold the highest places, in the most genteel pulpits and the most influential denominations in the land. Indeed I think there are few families who have not believers in some of their branches. No class, or profession, or association but has been invaded by its presence, its power. And it is still extending in all directions. At no moment of its progress has it done more permanent and effectual work than to-day it is doing. It makes less noise because its current is broader, deeper and more powerful. At first, curiosity moved the masses; now, an earnest quiet desire to get at the truth and the fact, inspires men. The latter spirit is infinitely more desirable and powerful than the former.

It is sometimes objected that there are so many fanaticisms and fanatics connected with it, that it may well be questioned if the thing itself be not a fanaticism. It is said that this disgusts the thoughtful and cultured. In reply, I remark that any movement, attended by so many fanaticisms and half-crazed people—reveals an immense power. Nothing from nothing comes. *There was never a great religious movement in this world, that has left any marks in history* that was not *so attended*. Christianity itself, in its early days—the first five hundred years of its career—was almost overrun and nearly submerged by the wildest fanaticisms, the most disgusting "free-loveism" even among the bishops, and the shallowest of miracle-mongers. Moshiem declares that "false miracles were artfully proportioned to the credulity of the vulgar;" "that to lie and deceive for the interests of religion was a well-nigh publicly adopted maxim; that all the writings of the early Fathers were infested with this leprosy." And Neander says pious frauds overflowed the church even down to the 15th century. And I might remark that "Orthodox Theology is to-day only a fossil fanaticism."

The very follies connected with Spiritualism attest its great central power, as earthquakes and volcanoes prove the existence of the central fires of the globe. It is not given to mere negation to so move and unsettle the chronic opinions and prejudices of whole millions of men and women. The profoundest and most critical scholarship never so deeply moves mankind, never sets the mass in such thorough agitation; never so unsettles the long established habits of St. Custom; never so rapidly emancipates the heads and hearts of mankind from the tyranny of old opinions. It is given not to those who write *about* history, but to that power which moves men to act the great drama of life, to create history. Each of the six great historic forms of religion was originally a spontaneous Spiritualism, surging up against the barriers of ordinary life and thought. Modern Spiritualism is the seventh great revival of man's religious consciousness; and like all its predecessors, is attended with the profoundest agitation; unsettles and submerges the old landmarks of thought; puts all things at risk; asks terrible questions of marriage, of parentage, of government, of society, of religions; asserts the highest virtue to be opposed both to theology and to law; compells us to re-examine the grounds of our faith in God—Man and Destiny, subsoils all our social life, and drags up into the light of day the smooth, elegant, but rotten hypocracies of the self-elected saints of the churches. It is a terrible rebuke to shams. It makes men in earnest, for it kindles their souls at the fires of the morning stars. No wonder that a kind of frenzy takes hold of those freshly-kindled spirits, for numberless are the mockeries which, under christian guise, its light reveals. It finds baptized villainies in possesion of church and state, and immediately sets off on a crusade against each.

Its follies and fanaticisms are only the unsteady moral posture of souls in rapid transition from the old to a new order of things. Grand agitations which go down into the depths of life and thought, are always attended by these moral obliquities of men. They are only the incidents of new Inspirations of Power from the realm of "the gods." Great revolutions of thought always unsettle old *habits* as well as opinions. And before the new Idea has fairly become reduced to logical action, of course we must expect eccentricities of conduct. And even the moral eccentricities of a newly emancipated soul, are more heroic than that poll parrot kind of virtue which is so very smooth-faced and "respectable." The first is the free action of emancipated instincts, not fully aware of their true latitude and longitude; the latter is a mill horse trot in the old paths of predjudice, which may perchance, have been the path of virtue to some ancestor long since dead on earth, but which is to our perception only moral mechanics, with no jot of moral freedom or heroism. The first is a moral agent, the second only a moral machine. He has some new aspirations, who dares break through the restraints of custom, and assert, against the growing despotism of old opinion, a large individualism. There is hope of such.

And here I remark that Spiritualism has ten thousand times more living testimony to the truth of its facts of intercourse with the "departed," of spiritual guardianship, of healing by the laying on of hands, etc., etc., than Christianity has of dead testimony for the existence of Jesus or any of the so-called miracles he is supposed to have wrought. And beside, the spiritual evidence is alive and present, to be cross-questioned, which is not the case with the witnesses to Christianity. The Spiritualist longs for the opportunity to balance evidence with the Christian Theologian; but the latter avoids the direct issue. He refuses to put his creed into the crucible of a full and fair contest on a free platform—a plain confession of his own lack of faith in his own creed. Let it be kept constantly before the people, that Spiritualism invites the closest scrutiny and discussion—both as to its facts and its philosophy. It has never once shrunk from that ordeal. It inspires its disciples with the very spirit of courage. How do you account for this, Messrs. Critics? Not always will orthodoxy be able thus to escape this trial balance of evidence before the world. A candid public will ere long demand the joining of the Great Issue.

Spiritualism has two very distinctly marked modes of operation. The one is external, visible, tangible, addressing the senses by suitable phenomena. The other, though more hidden and occult, is more powerful directly on the souls and opinions of men. The one addresses the thoughts, opinions and feelings through the senses; the other touches the soul directly—and spirit to spirit. The one set of manifestations startles attention, arrests and, as it were, coerces the thought, and compels by sheer force, the convictions. The other comes as an all enveloping magnetism, moving the very atmosphere of the soul so gently, and yet so powerfully, that our views are changed unawares. It comes as new spiritual life, as a luminous ether, washing out the old darkness with molten glory. In this latter form it has already vitalized the best literature of America. In this shape it can get into the brains of an orthodox poet and make his otherwise stilted rhyme, sing of the "Loved ones—the true-hearted"—gone before us over the river. In this form it bursts out in the middle of H. W. Beecher's orthodoxy, in his unguarded moments, and shines in such splendor as to make the darkness of his creed all the more visible. And in this form it cannot be easily resisted, not at all, in fact, except by willful shutting of the soul's windows, or willful viciousness of life. The evidences of this manner of its operation are seen in the sermons of the most spiritual and genial of the ministerial profession, as well as, not unfrequently, in those of the most orthodox. In moments of spiritual abandon—and the most bigoted occasionally have them, (and herein is cause of hope)—this all enveloping magnetism flows into the chambers and magazines of the soul, suddenly illuminating, and uplifting all within, until Creed, Bible, Church, all but God and humanity are forgotten in a new blaze of inner glory. Then the congregation is nearly lifted to its feet, and for weeks thereafter finds it difficult to think from the creed. This phase of Spiritualism has been but little attended to, and yet it is the most powerful mode of all its operations. In this respect it is a vast synthesis of unresolved power. It will take years for the contents of this ocean of descending spiritual energy, to evolve themselves into body—into form and place. And yet it must do this, and do it by a process of incarnation. This Soul of the NEW AGE, must evolve its own body. As the sunbeam translates itself into grass, and flowers, and golden fruitage, so must this pure white light of the Spiritual life translate its contents into fitting images of its transcendant Ideal. No soul need longer sit down in the darkness of imported superstitions. A world of light and life is waiting to rush unto us. O, ye book worms! look up, put yourselves in the attitude of reception, and from this Divine Spiritual Ocean, great rivers of light shall pour into you. Then may you stoop at the same fountain with Pythagoras and Socrates, with Plato and Jesus, and no longer quaff the waters of spiritual life at second hand from their dead lips. The utterances of those ancient worthies are immortal, only because they lay open, on their divine side, to these great deeps of spiritual nature. Are those deeps exhausted? Is this Infinite ocean dried up? Must genius forever plod "over those arid, dusty plains of history, and no more tread the steep and magnificent pathway of the gods? An affirmative to this question is spiritual atheism. And yet it is the fact of ordinary scholarship. Scholars, divines, poets, all need more reverent spiritual trust; and it is my experience, as a spiritualist for fifteen years, that has taught me this. Let us no more close these windows of the soul. And from the fact of this experience of not only myself, but of hundreds of others—we lay claim to great value for Spiritualism. It teaches to trust the inner spiritual life: to attend to those conditions and attitudes of body and soul which facilitate a full, free, and complete inspiration of the spiritual nature, and so is the best possible school for genius. This idea alone furnishes us with the key to the triumph of the great benefactors of the world, in religion, in philosophy, in art and in invention. And what if many imperfections do attend the first efforts of millions to break away from the bonds and tyranny of old prejudice? No one learns to walk erect at once; and after being so long chained to mere opinion, are we to refuse to walk because we are so weak as to stumble? Spiritual freedom, is the only true condition for education in spiritual liberty.

Another claim Spiritualism can truly make for value bestowed on the world, is, it stimulates and educates an intense individualism. The greatest need in society, is individuality, not a mockish pedantry—but a real, genuine, hearty, wholesouled, lofty, high-toned individualism. *Conformity* is to-day the bane of the social life, and the tyrant of little priests and politicians. Spiritualism is the only great insurrection against it. And it is a successful one too. The hour one becomes a spiritualist, sees him no longer a social ape. He will do things *from himself*, even if he do them wrongly, and so educates his own character. He is no longer a tame conformist, but he forthwith runs smack against half the social customs; nearly all the theology, and three-fourths of the institutions of the world. He puts old Saint Custom on to the rack, and demands to know by what right it dominates the love of a man. From that hour in everything that's old he suspects a wrong, a sham, a villainy, or a decrepitude. If he be a true American he will no more have imported fashions in dress or social customs. Your Judealzed Christianity imported from Mesopotamia, he will have no more of. He will do for religion what the fathers of the Republic did for the Colonies—viz: he will have an *American* religion. This religion, like his government, must be autoethonic, indigenous, native and to the manor born. While he gives due credit to Moses, he will not have America a spiritual colony of that illustrious individual, any more than he would have his government an appendage of the Chinese Emperor. He tells you that if God could inspire Moses and the Jews, he can inspire Lincoln and Americans. He plants himself bravely and squarely on his individuality, and demands as free access to the divine sources of power as Jesus or Plato enjoyed. And he is right in this. What if he blunder a little, he is educated himself into an individual hero. The world is educated by blunders—and if they be brave, bold, and in the right direction all the better. It is a tremendous power that can thus set free the social and religious captive. Unitarianism with all its talent and scholarship has failed to do it. Spiritualism is a perfect triumph in this affair of social and spiritual emancipation. The first sign of Spiritualism in a person is this freedom from opinion, custom and prejudice. And it is properly so, "for where the spirit of God is, there is liberty," and I might add, "where the spirit of custom is, there is slavery." Read John Stuart Mill on liberty, and then say if you can that spiritualism has no value. Before John Stuart Mill wrote his work on liberty, Spiritualism was striking off the chains of custom from thousands of creed-bound Americans. And is this emancipatory tendency of no value? What is the meaning of the fact that any eccentricity of character is considered a reproach? The true answer is found in the tyranny of opinion. And this tyranny is constantly contracting down upon the souls of men, and continually narrowing the area of individual liberty. It is the slavery of fear that thus cramps and palsies the faculties of individuals. It is all the more fatal for being of such a subtle character as to escape our physical perceptions, and unsuspected. It frowns upon any thing unusual and out of the ordinary course. "That so few have dared to be eccentric makes the great danger of the times. Eccentricity is proportioned to original power." It has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor and moral courage which it contained. Persons of small power are easily made to conform; but such names as Socrates, Jesus and Luther, are by nature and instincts, non-conformists. One such soul alone stems the whole torrent of prejudice, and years afterwards, brings whole generations round to his character.

What nature refused to do in the generation of individual character, "public opinion" tries to do afterward, by its meddlesome and tinkering propensity, viz: to cut all persons down to the same stature and career. Public opinion, in so far as this tendency is concerned, is a demon of the darkest ages. It needs to be resisted to the death in just so far as it attempts this tyranny over the individual. There is no reason why human beings should be constructed after one, or a small number of patterns. Originally, nature does it not; why should society attempt it? "Each person is a new classification of faculties." "Genius can breathe freely, only in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Prejudice poisons the *atmosphere*, and so hinders the triumphs of genius." And for ages, no grander protest and insurrection against this tyranny of opinion, than Spiritualism has been made. The first voice from the "Beautiful Hills" to each medium and to all seekers, has been, *follow your own highest intuition*. And I assert this from fifteen years personal experience as a medium, confined by an equal extent of observation in public and in private life. Spiritualism throws each soul back upon its inate conditions and instincts, it teaches to trust, to listen to, to follow the sublime monitions of the Eternal Reason as it voices itself in the private heart. As preliminary work it attacks the "Infallible Bible," creeds and churches, as false assumptions and stumbling blocks, and so hurls them all from its path. It assails all spiritual hierarchies as pernicious and as false assumptions of power not granted in the "constitution" of man. It accepts all helps it can find, but will allow no master over the private soul of man. It says "the soul of man is greater than all the institutions of the world; and must not be mastered by the mere belongings thereof." A time-serving church will be anti-slavery when anti-slavery is popular, it will be temperance, when temperance is popular, it will be "woman's rights" when "woman's rights" are popular, or anything else that is popular; but Spiritualism is all these and much more in the same direction, at first, when they are unpopular and needy. *It is per se a uniber sal reform*. It is anti-everything, that is anti-human. It holds itself open to the light from the whole horizon round, and by that highest and grandest of all motives—the idea and hope of human perfection—stimulates every energy to its greatest activity. Is not here infinite value?

(To be continued.)

HOW RED HAIR IS OBTAINED FOR LADIES IN PARIS.—It is the fashion in Paris to have hair the color of the Empress's. How the brunettes accomplish this is thus explained: At the appointed hour the candidate for golden honors enters the dressing-room in a long white dressing-gown. Her hair floats loosely over her shoulders. The artist begins by separating every hair. Then he pours over the head a phial of "water" (probably a deadly poison.) He saturates each hair. This occupies two hours. After fifteen minutes he soaks the whole hair in ice-water. He then kneads the hair in his hands. Again the ice-water is applied. He moves the "gooses" within a few inches of the hair and it turns red. The whole operation lasts five hours, and leaves the lady with red hair, an intolerable headache, mangled nerves, and eighty dollars less in pocket.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.—The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college:

"*My Dear Son*—I write to send you some new socks, which your mother has knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you £10 without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Randolph's Letters---No. 1.

New Orleans, where at present I am teaching negro children, is a remarkable place, with considerable land to the acre—if not a great deal more. The city is reputed the warmest on the continent; probably because of its asserted proximity to H—; yes, the nameless place, the bottom of which, I believe, fell out by reason of many very hard "raps" some years agone.

Some people assert that the place is noted for ignorance, which is a great mistake, for I have seen several people who knew what day of the month the fourth of July came on, and two more who had heard of Jesus Christ.

There is good pasturage in the streets of this city, for secession put a dead stop to every kind of business, except whisky drinking and passing counterfeit currency. Southern fire is just beginning to cool down under the influence of the Right—and musket-balls; and in its place we already begin to see signs of returning prosperity and common sense, and we feel the air of the good time already on the Day, and the rush of coming commerce on the shoulders of the Night.

Of course in the hot-bed of Materialism and Papacy you can expect nothing much in the Spiritual line, for the nineteenth century has'nt got along here yet; still there are a few honest believers and earnest workers, whom I could, but need not name. Circles are constantly held here, but they don't amount to anything more than keeping up the interest—they smoulder in the straw, that will blaze out one of these fine days, and astonish the natives. Slow to move in new paths, this people will, when they start, as they must, advance rapidly. But, at present, they are like hogs on ice—in a scattering condition. Much of their inharmony results from the prevalence of three languages—English, gumbo-French, and mongrel-Italian, all of which is vocalizing into the national tongue. Catholicism reigns triumphant yet, but the signs are afloat, and down it must come before long. Polygamy abounds; that is men have honest wives and keep quadroon mistresses; one result of which is, that it's hard to tell a white man unless he hails from up river, for the negro blood is nearly bleached out of tens of thousands here. At present we are under traitor rule, soon to be supplanted, I hope, by loyal government. I came here last November under a deep, powerful, and holy influence. I do not boast of what I have done, but just ask Major Plumley, General Banks, or Chief Justice Chase, or the hundreds I have taught to read—and think.

I shall keep you posted on what transpires here until I leave for the West in the fall, on a lecturing tour, in response to hundreds of invitations I have never responded to. You may look for a weekly—if not weakly—letter from me, meantime let me have the paper regularly, and put me down for one hundred dollars worth of stock, payable whenever called for, because it will pay better than any other investment. This I see, this I feel, this I know; so mote it be!

P. B. R.

NEW ORLEANS, July 4, 1865.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Return of Peace.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Once more our beloved country is under the sunshine of peace. The great war-cloud that has, for four years, spread its black mantle over our political horizon has at last parted, and, lifting away its shadowing gloom and flashy folds of military glory, has carried with it to the bright summer-land, or to the firey regions of anger and hate, many a loved and many a hated one. Drawing largely on the whole country for human sacrifice, and at the last winding up its folds with our martyred and beloved President, and his firey assassin. A Jesus was the end of sacrifice and Judas went with him. So almost parallel is the case here. The one most beloved of all is taken, and the one most hated, when he and his acts were known, have both gone to close the scene, and the curtain drops—the play of war is ended; the genial atmostphere of peace is again upon us; the banners of war are emblems of peace; the weapons of destruction are packed, boxed, and deposited, never more, I hope, to be used. Now we can beat the swords into plowshares, and cast the guns into railroad iron for tracks to the Pacific ocean, and use the Government script of indebtedness as currency, or a basis of currency, to build the road and employ the starving thousands of Europe's laborers, who have no work and whom we never before could employ for want of currency in sufficient quantity to pay them. Now we renew our enterprise with over three millions of laborers freed from a servile bondage in which they could have no ambition; renewed, quickened, interested in their labor, they will be vastly more valuable and important than they have been under the forced system of servitude. Ireland and Germany may now move over the water and settle within our borders, for we have land enough for all, inexhaustible resources in our soil, our mines, our lakes, our rivers, our forests, and quarries; even the cobble-stones and ice ponds of New England have a value under the Yankee skill and enterprise. No tongue can tell the wealth that is stored in our prairies, forests, and mountains, and now with the peace, a large yet perfectly secure currency, based on the national faith and the power of the government to keep it good, we can more rapidly open and unfold these treasures than ever before. For enterprise and skill we excel and far outstrip the world. We have the guiding intellect of the world; we can, and we shall, give tone and sentiment to the policy and politics of the nations over the ocean. The war has shown them our strength of arm, of intellect, and of resource, and their young, ambitious, and enterprising, who depend on labor and skill for support and wealth, will come to us and join our effort to establish a better and happier state of social, political, and religious society than the old governments can ever attain. Let no timid soul stand idle at the street-corner crying for repudiation, and raising fears and suspicions about our national debt. We have it; we can carry it; we will and we *shall* carry it, and make of it an instrument of great utility to develop the wealth of our country. The released armies return to the field of labor, and to them labor has not become disgraced. The freed slaves return to the field of labor with increased inducements. The immigrants are invited and will gladly come, and all will need and use the currency which the government established, and which is in part, and will be still more, based upon national liability, credit, and honor. Let us all take hold of the load, and not only make it light, but also make it useful.

JULY 4th, 1865.

A CANDID PREACHER.—A clergyman one Sunday was complimented by one of his friends on the discourse he had been delivering.

"South himself," (alluding to the eminent divine of that name,) exclaimed the auditor, "never preached a better."

"You are right," replied the honest preacher, "it was the very best he ever did preach."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Consecration to Spiritualism.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

When first the veil was lifted from the world of cause,
Before my eager, all-adoring gaze;
My rapt soul revel'd in the light of laws,
My brain seem'd all transformed within its burning rays.

The old earth passed away, and so my olden heaven,
And I ascended to an inner sphere,
Where every moment unto me 'twas given
A rarer light to see—a richer song to hear.

Angels, all radiant in celestial charms,
Pour'd forth entrancing music from their golden lyres;
Round me they threw their love-embracing arms,
And warmed my new-born being at their altar fires.

Their every utterance was love's most liquid rhyme,
Their every breath was like an incense rare,
Their every glance emitted light divine,
Their every motion was a wooing prayer.

Thrilled through my *all-of-being* with transcendant awe—
Joy, adoration, gratitude and prayer;
I cried, O God of glory! give me power to draw,
And unto earth these revelations bear!

O, let me go! I cried, I cannot linger here,
While mortals wait in darkness and unrest;
It dims the radiance of this glory—sphere,
That with its light earth's children are not blest.

O, let me go! teach me this very hour,
To paint word-symbols of this rapture sphere;
Attune my voice to that magnetic power,
Through which mankind truth's music tones may hear.

Oh! make me, ye redeem'd, as your own nature's pure,
That I may be to earth a guiding magnet bright;
Gladly will I all mortal pain endure,
If I can lead my race up to this world of light.

Behold me kneeling at your altar now!
Light me a torch from off its highest flame—
Pour consecrative blessing on my upturned brow—
Help me to teach the truth in God's eternal name!

As from my soul arose the fervent prayer—
Again I hear the answer as I heard it then—
They sang, "Go forth, evangel, in our faithful care,"
And, far off, seraph voices sang "Amen!"

"Go forth," again they sang, "and Truth's behests fulfil;
Go forth with blessing, we will guard thy ways;
Go forth in sweet fulfilment of thy Father's will,
For blessing to thy race, but not for length of days.

"Go forth, unhoping harvest in thy earthly time,
Be thou a sower of the seed we give;
The suns of centuries must on it shine,
Ere with earth's children the ripe fruit shall live.

"Go forth, and wear the rudely-plaited thorn,
Take to thy throbbing heart the Jewish spear;
Drink thou the vinegar of *mortal* scorn,
Bedew Gethsemane with burning tears.

"And having pass'd o'er Calvary's rugged brow,
Leaving thy cross and raiment in the outer sphere;
Return to us, and sweeter far than now
Shall be the welcome which shall greet thine ear.

"Here, in thine angel-home, thou shalt behold the fields
Of earth, in coming centuries, the harvest bear
Of that rich seed which fruit immortal yields,
And which was scatter'd through thy tireless care."

Thrill'd by the angel-song, all nature seemed to wake,
Throbbing and trembling into conscious prayer;
While God's responsive spirit to her being spake
In every pulse of heaven and earth, and sea and air.

Creation's thunder crashed and roll'd,
As they ne'er rolled o'er Sinai's brow;
While Past and Future uncontroll'd,
Burst into an eternal "now."

Awed, yet conscious of the mission given,
I gather'd up the seedlings of my answered prayer;
And, passing out of the supernal heaven,
Came back to serve in leading others there.

Baltimore, Md.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Religion, Literature, and Science.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

Corresponding to man's subjective wealth of faculty, and the favorableness of his surroundings, are the fruits of his endeavors. Results are measured by capacity, and although fundamental powers are the same in all, yet the scale on which they are developed is so graduated, that endless variety of individual character is secured, and innumerable mental tendencies everywhere observed.

The religious and imaginative powers are expressed through cerebral organs which are assembled in a family group, occupying a position in the superior or coronal portion of the head. When active, they impart sympathetical and deductive tendencies to the mind, giving birth to religion, art, music and poetry. In the frontal region of the brain are located the organs of reflective intellect. They originate the inductive, skeptical and inquiring spirit, displaying an aptitude for scientific research and democratic institutions.

Now, physical causes determine the preponderance of one or the other set of faculties, and hence, are proximately connected with all the results which flow from their activity. In tropical countries the human mind is overawed by the magnitude and grandeur of the material world, which are addressed more directly to the imaginative than reflective faculties; hence the strength of the religious sentiment, and the prevalence of art and poetry among the people inhabiting those regions.

Theocratic institutions and general subordination to ecclesiastical authority prevail in the southern countries, because large general causes contribute to a general distrust of human nature, and the classics receive more attention than science because they are more nearly related to the ideal, the remote, and unknown.

Democratic institutions and the feeling of personal liberty prevail in the northern countries, because intellectual tendencies lead man to attach greater value to human nature, and to rely more upon personal endeavor as a means to the realization of the largest benefits.

We should be careful to note the distinction which exists between literature and science. Literature relates to the past, science to the future. The function of literature is the preservation of past accumulations. The functions of science is the discovery and classification of facts. The popular religions of christendom originating under the circumstances already alluded to, at present preserve but a precarious existence where national mental tendencies are of an intellectual character.

Future American society is destined to become more cosmopolitan. Extremes will become balanced, excesses modified, and both the intellectual and ideal will combine in harmonious development, divested of the dogmas of antiquity.

Modern inductive research has led to the acceptance of a doctrine tremendous in its consequences—*the presidency of law over human affairs*. A regular order of sequence is discovered in the flowing events of history—every incidental circumstance being connected with its antecedent, are the acts of individual man, not the product of capricious will or erratic volition, but due to the state of society which has taken complexion from all the antecedents of the past.

The golden treasure-house of wisdom is unsealed, and its profusion of wealth gathered up by the earnest seeker after knowledge. Problems of practical import are continually crowding upon our attention for solution. Patient, persevering labor will be crowned with present fruition and a prospective, beautiful future.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Triumph of Science over Superstition.

We frequently hear it reiterated from the christian pulpit, and proclaimed from the religio-secular press, that we are wholly indebted to the christian religion for our present advanced position upon the highway to civilization, and that but for its illuminating, benign and beneficent influences shed upon our dark, wayward minds, we should now be groping in heathen darkness and glorying in savage warfare. But I think a critical examination of the matter, conducted in the light of history and science will clearly evince the position to be a mere groundless postulate or assumption unsupported by the verdict of practical truth. And the incessant, tinkering disposition of Bible-smiths, displayed upon their idolized "Holy Word" to keep it *enlightened* up to the times, and the ever-shifting rules of biblical interpretation, which has characterized the ecclesiastical policy of the various theological schools ever since the sun of science arose above our moral horizon, and began to dispel the dark clouds of superstition, in which some of their sacredly cherished dogmas were conceived, strongly confirm this suspicion. A brief panorama exhibition of some of the practical movements of these schools in recent years, will furnish a convincing elucidation.

For a thousand years, christians adored their paper and ink "revelations" as teaching the immobility of the planet "on which we live, and move, and have our being," upon the authority of their "Sacred Word," which declares, "The earth is established upon foundations, and cannot be moved," while that stupendous orb, whose golden gleams of fire daily dispel the clouds of night from off each rolling satellite, was presumed, with all its countless retinue of attendant worlds, to revolve around this pigmy planet, which we call the earth, to bow in ignoble submission to its centripetal power, although thirteen hundred thousand times greater in magnitude. While christian professors were busily proclaiming these doctrines to the world as the legitimate deductions from the teachings of their Holy Bible, entirely unsuspicious of their scientific untenableness and unsoundness, the votaries of science, in the meantime, were enlarging their telescopes and pushing their researches into the boundless arcana of astronomical science, until at length the startling anti-biblical discovery was announced that "the earth moves and turns round"—that it possesses a polar center on which it revolves as a wheel upon an axle. Right bravely, and with a "Godly zeal" did the defenders of "the faith once delivered to the saints," fight to stave off this heretical, anti-Bible notion of world turning, until they were forced to the conviction that longer resistance would probably result in sweeping by the omnipotent potency of science, these long established creeds and dogmas into the ocean of oblivion. For in spite of all opposition and scriptural arguments mustered by religious sectarians, who had learned from "God's Holy Book" that "The earth hath foundations and cannot be moved," the doctrine of the rotundity and rotary motion of the earth settled down into a popularly endorsed scientific truth. This threw the christian propagandists upon the defensive and compelled them to rally round their idolized book to rescue it from the imputation of teaching a scientific falsehood. But how was this to be done? "How can the character of the 'inspired records' be saved?" was the great question. An expedient was devised, though rather a damaging alternative. It was simply to get out a new interpretation of "the Inspired Book." A new acceptation was sought out, or rather *wrought* out for the obnoxious texts which so evidently confronted with a flat denial the newly discovered truth of science—an expedient which, as it infused another and totally different meaning into the passages, amounted virtually to getting out a new edition, "revised and improved," of God's "infallible revelations." But taking advantage of the vague, loose, indefinite style in which their sacred book is written, and the ease and facility with which all human language from its natural ambiguity can be tortured and twisted so as to indicate various and even opposite meanings, this expedient was easily adopted. Hence divines plunging anew into their Bibles pressed out the old and current meaning from the challenged texts and brought out a newly coined one, better adapted to the exigency of the times. So that from thenceforth the assumed divinely authorized command of the son of Nun, "Stand still thou sun and thou moon in the valley of Askelon," was made to read (by interpretation) "Stand still thou earth." And the scriptural declaration, "My hand hath laid the foundations of the earth," (Isa. xlviii: 13) was allowed to mean simply that "The earth has no foundations." And thus the scientific fact of the revolution of the earth was engrafted into "God's Holy Word," at least its devout admirers contented themselves with believing that it is somewhere buried up among its types. And from that day forth science and the Holy Bible have tried to ride lovingly together in the same coach. But ever and anon new difficulties of a similar character have sprang up to confront and puzzle the vigilant guardians and defenders of "God's Holy Book." The "Divine Oracle" declares, "In six days God created the heavens and the earth." And Prof. Hitchcock tells us that no christian writer or expounder of the scriptures up to 1640 ever thought of interpreting the word day in the text as indicating a larger period than 24 hours. But after the geologist had penetrated into the earth and found at every step in his descent indubitable evidence that the hand of time had been at work millions of ages in forming, transforming, changing and enlarging the volume of our terrestrial planet, until he was finally compelled to announce in spite of the oriental traditions, which has the work of creation completed in six days, and which makes the world but 6,000 years old, that mathematics is absolutely inadequate to compute its age and stands appalled at the very effort. "Infidelity!" exclaim the devout defenders of "the Holy Word"—"geology, must be put down!" And forthwith "in the might and spirit of God" they set themselves to the task. But after a long and fruitless effort, finding all attempts to stay the onward and irresistible march of science hopeless, and that they were only sinking their own sacredly cherished cause in their efforts to overthrow the scientific heresy, they again wheeled their course, again changed their tactics, and again entered their Holy Bible and coursed up and down its pages to find if possible it would have another clerical operation of pressing the old and long established meaning out of the obnoxious texts and engrafting others more compatible with the new discoveries in geological science and more conformable to the demands of the age. A book idolized for many ages as teaching "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," must not yield to the suspicion of containing "the shadow of a shade of error." Its blinded adherents in preference would continue the unauthorized work of altering and amending it until, like the old matron's carving knife, it shall have had five new blades and seven new handles, but which she averred was nevertheless "the same old knife." Hence another edition of "God's Infallible Revelations" was struck off (mentally at least) in which Gen. i. 26, was made to read, "In six thousand years God created the heavens and the earth." The car of geology rolls on, new facts are discovered and taken aboard—new truths added to the casket of science—new species of fossils are found evincing and demonstrating an antiquity for the earth flowing back through the mists of time to a period immeasurably beyond the reach of human computation, so that the amended reckoning of six thousand years diminished to a mere cipher as a measure for so vast a period of time. Hence out comes another (mental) edition of the Mosaic cosmogony modified to read (by construction) "In six indefinite periods of time God created the heavens and the earth." Why Moses, with the aid of divine inspiration, could not have stated it in this form at first, is, "a mystery of godliness" which only those who have "the keys of the kingdom" can explain. But most certainly these inoculations of new scientific truths into "God's perfect Word" by ingenious Bible-smiths evince a disposition to "be over wise above what is written."

We will cite another case of biblical "reconstruction." Since a more recent and thorough acquaintance with the geography of the earth has proved its territorial dimensions to be much greater than the ancients conjectured, and has disclosed points of land possessing an altitude much higher than fifteen cubits above mount Ararat, Noah's flood story has passed through several editions, and on each occasion "revised and improved" the declaration of "Holy Writ" that "the waters were on the face of the whole earth," (Gen. viii. 9) is now by geographical christians interpreted to mean "a part of the earth only." But how the *whole* could be only a *part*, or "every living thing could be destroyed from off the face of the earth," (Gen. vii. 23) by a flood but partial in extent, Bible reconstructionists themselves seem unable to explain. But they have worked so much upon the story, in the way of compressing and circumscribing it to make it tally with the teachings of modern science, that they have not left much more than a good-sized fish pond of it. And so the doctrine of universal deluge is surrendered.

One other example of the triumph of science over theology. Previous to the discovery of the true science of mind by Gaul, "God's great rival (the devil) had to reel and stagger under the ponderous weight of all the sins committed by "depraved manhood," from father Adam down to Pope Pius. But since phrenology has traced the source of every thought, feeling and action of man to the brain, old Captain Harry has been mustered out of service and his indictment ruled out of court. Hence the "Old Fellow" is now seldom mentioned or thought of, except by a few "old fogies," who, like the blind subterraneous moles, continue "to crawl under ground," because their mental vision is too obtuse to perceive any sunlight in the sky. And some of our progressive Christian divines have set themselves to work with their theological force-pumps to get the old heathen myth out of their "Divine Revelations"—to cast the Devil out of the "Word of God."

Such are a few of the proofs of the triumph of science over superstition, and a proof, too, that the Christian world, instead of practically recognizing the Bible as a guide—"a safe and all-sufficient guide in matters of faith and practice,"—do verily advance before and drag their Bible after them.

Harveysburg, Ohio. K. Graves.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association:

This corporation has leaped into existence at the right time and in the right place, and it is to be hoped that the future magnitude and usefulness of the Association, which is already doing business under such favorable auspices, may be commensurate with the demands of the age and the country, and of the noble aspirations of those who have conceived, planned, and started the enterprise.

The place and the time we occupy is second to no time and place in the world's history. This age of revolution—this enterprising, rapidly-growing city of the great Northwest, with its now teeming and fast-increasing population, opens a field of action so grand and inspiring as to fill the prophetic soul with an impulsive, enthusiastic longing for useful action which enquiringly ejaculates "Lord! What wouldst thou have me to do?" The slumbers of conservatism are everywhere disturbed by the glad hosannahs of freemen and free women who are hourly snapping their chains of bondage which have held them in durance vile—the slaves of superstition and ignorance—the dupes of tyrants, demagogues and priests.

If your Association shall meet the demands of this age and country, no man can now measure its future greatness and importance. It is located in the commercial center of a country more extensive in the sublime magnitude of its productive power than any which has been hitherto occupied upon this planet—a country exhaustless in its resources and able to contribute more largely than any ever yet known to the progress and civilization of the human race.

In this *grand* country, in this *extraordinary* age, in this *wonderful* city, it is to be hoped that the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association will be the fearless standard-bearer of every needed reform, that its motto will be "Light! more light!" Light everywhere! Light to all people! Light upon all subjects! Let the radiance which has illuminated the hill-tops reach down into the depths of the valleys till there be no more slavery, no more ignorance, no more want, no more vice, no more occasion for each "to say unto his neighbor 'know ye the Lord!' but all shall know him from the least unto the greatest." When we shall have reached "the good time coming," the millenial age heralded by all prophets of the past, *hoped* for by all who have faith in God and adoring confidence in the wisdom of his works; and *worked* for by all those noble souls whose aspirations are to "serve" God by promoting human happiness.

These hopes and these aspirations are alike encouraged by the *history* of the past, by the prophetic predictions of all ages, and most especially by the spiritual communications made to those who have "ears to hear," within the last fifteen years.

The good time is coming, sure as to-morrow's dawn. It is to be reached through *changes*—by "proving all things and holding fast to that which is good." It is to be reached in harmony with the laws of human development and not in violation of them. We are to learn God by his works or never know him. We are to learn the existence and wisdom of his laws by their effects or never comprehend them.

In these changes, which are fast occurring, you will soon have to greatly multiply your employes. As your work increases, you will have great temptations to overwork, and thus commit that sin against your physical nature which destroys your happiness and your usefulness, and which never has remission "in this world nor in the world to come."

By the divine law *idleness* and *overwork* are both forbidden. As heralds of reform, you will have occasion to proclaim this by line upon line and precept upon precept, and you will add greatly to your usefulness, provided that you illustrate the truth you seek to propagate by your own example.

For that end, I would suggest that you convert your publishing association into a literary institution, having for its end to make each employe just what he or she shall need be, as perfect members of a perfect society; a good worker, a good thinker, a good talker, self-reliant, self-governing, self-sustaining, educated to appreciate the duty of giving to the world a full equivalent for every species of labor product which he or she consumes; and so educated to the habit of performing that duty that it will be easier to discharge than neglect it. You can find an abundance of employes who will prefer a true manhood and womanhood to perishable wealth, and every one of the laborers, in your extensive and extending business, may be teachers and pupils in the natural sciences or some other department of knowledge necessary to happiness or usefulness. In order to make the pursuit of such studies convenient and systematic, you may connect with your printing, book-binding and publishing establishment, a boarding-house, made fire-proof as nearly as possible, with suites of rooms for families, and single rooms for single persons, which may be heated by the exhaust steam of your machinery; let it have an ample dining-hall with numerous small tables, where those of different habits of diet, of different pursuits, and of different social proclivities may select their table companions. Employ a well-qualified steward, who will supply your boarding-house with all needed and wholesome food which shall be demanded at cost, and upon the restaurant principle, so that the economical and temperate, the extravagant and the luxurious, may enjoy a supper, the full *consequences* of their wisdom or their want of it.

You will, by this movement, make new and needed *changes* towards "the good time coming." You, the standard-bearer of Progress, will demonstrate that your great end and aim is to build up a true manhood and womanhood; that you are determined, so far as your influence extends, to make labor reputable by exercising temperately and wisely the mind and the body in productive industry, and in the pursuit of knowledge each day of life, and that your employes shall be the just, harmonious instrumentalities of acquiring, imparting, promulgating and illustrating that great primal truth that labor lies at the foundation of all human progress; and when combined with knowledge, produces the highest human development of physical and moral excellence. Ira Porter.

Muskegon, Mich., July 25, 1865.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Shall We Hang the Rebel Leaders?

They are guilty of treason, of theft, of gambling with other nations to destroy us, of seeking the ruin of free government, of murdering Columbia's sons, of starving our soldiers to death in their hellish pens, and of plotting and executing the assassination of our beloved President, and of other crimes too numerous to mention—guilty of all this in this century of light. What shall they have therefore? The stern answer comes from every heart, "*they deserve the severest punishment.*"

Well, is hanging the severest punishment? They are all proud men still; is it not a more terrible punishment to be imprisoned for life, or disinherited, expatriated, accursed as they are on all the face of the earth, and branded with the mark of Cain that every one may read his just sentence of condemnation?

But we should not base the decision of this great question upon what they deserve, but upon what is for the best good of the State. Dark as is their guilt, the reward thereof must not blind the love of country. Justice may cry for blood, but justice must not wedge itself between us and security from future rebellion. Our quarrel was not with men but with institutions, and with men only as their representatives. We had no malignancy, no murderous intent against the southerners. It was their diabolical policies, threatening ruin to the nation, organized in battle, against which we struck. Having battled these down and paved a highway for universal liberty, we should be satisfied with our victories, and not pursue them one inch farther than the substitution of freedom for tyranny, and a punishment so effectual as will be an everlasting example to evil-doers, seeking the protection of the State and reform.

Beware at the end of a national revolution how you pass beyond this line of protection! The adage holds good in all relations, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," as true in a bad cause as in a good. Men who fight for self-government, be their principles as despotic as Nero's, esteem sacrifice and welcome martyrdom when that is their last hope of success. Poland will never forget the slaughter of her sons when Russia conquered. Hungary will hurl herself again upon Austria. Ireland has a revenge against England. Let us learn well a solemn lesson, not to shed blood when it is unnecessary, nor to sow the seeds of another rebellion by giving the rebels, or their children, the chance to say in future war-speeches and leagues of revolution, that they, or their fathers, fell martyrs to their own cause.

Our duty now is to heal the breach. If we have justice and wisdom, and love of country surmounting every other consideration, let them be manifest now. Let our christianity be tested. It is not in the American heart to act the coward. Let us not say to the world that we are afraid these men will injure the Union unless we hang them. A man that runs away in petticoats, debased as a culprit and sneak, can never trouble again such a country as this, now rising in its moral majesty for a new and better civilization. Advance, then, to the *regenerative* work of enlightening and spiritualizing the masses, and write our *future* history in deeds of moral heroism. Blossom, our white lilies of commerce all round the world, electrify it with our progressive thought, deluge it with the light of our civil and religious freedom.

Evangel.

Had John Bull There!—An Englishman had heard of the Yankee's habit of bragging, and he thought he would cut the comb of that propensity. He saw some huge watermelons on a market-woman's stand, and walking up to her, and pointing to them with a look of disappointment, he exclaimed: "What! Don't you raise bigger apples than these in America?"

The woman looked at him a moment, and retorted: "Apples! anybody might know you were an Englishman. Them's huckleberries."

The treasurer of the Lincoln Monument Association reports subscriptions to the amount of forty-three thousand dollars.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Man as He Was and Man as He Is.

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Author of "How and Why I Became a Spiritualist."

When David, he of the olden time, who wrote songs unto the Lord, was about to close his earthly career, he caused his favorite son Solomon to be brought to his bedside, and thus counseled and enjoined him:

"I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep His statutes, and His commandments, and His Judgments, and His testimonials, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself: that the Lord may continue His word which He spake concerning me, saying: If thy children take heed to their way, to walk before me in truth with all their heart and with all their soul, there shall not fail thee, (said he) a man on the throne of Israel.

Moreover, thou knowest, also, what Joab, the son of Zerniah, did to me, and what he did to the two captains of the hosts of Israel, unto Abner the son of Ner, and unto Amasa, the son of Tether, whom he slew, and shed the blood of war in peace, and put the blood of war upon his girdle that was about his loins, and in his shoes that were on his feet. Do therefore, according to thy wisdom, and let not his hoar head go down to the grave in peace. But shew kindness unto the sons of Barzillai, the Gileadite, and let them be of those that sit at thy table; for so they came to me when I fled because of Absalom thy brother. And, behold, thou hast with thee Shimei the son of Gera, a Benjaminite of Bahurim, which cursed me with a grievous curse in the day when I went to Mahanaim; but he came down to meet me at Jordan, and I swear to him by the Lord, saying, I will not put thee to death by the sword. Now, therefore, hold him not guiltless; for thou art a wise man and knowest what thou oughtest to do unto him; but his hoar head bring thou down to the grave with blood."

"So David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David."

The above quotation is from the 2d chapter of the First Book of Kings, and displays more distinctly than almost any other passage in ancient history the condition of humanity in the days of David the Good, and Solomon the Wise.

In the last hours of this mighty monarch—this man after God's own heart—this model man of the race when, as he said, "I go the way of all the earth," David did not charge his son and successor to rule wisely, kindly, and conscientiously over his people.

Not one word or thought appears to have been given to the material prosperity, the mental unfoldment, or the spiritual progress of the vast masses of living souls who were the subjects of his dominion. Their happiness and welfare had no place in his thought. For the long space of forty years he had reigned over them. Upon their patient toil and bloody prowess he had builded himself a power more mighty than that of any other monarch. With their strong arms he had crushed the surrounding nations, and made them subservient to his will. They had ministered to his luxurious appetites, had given up their fairest and best beloved to the gratification of his sensual passions; they had surrounded him with majestic splendors; they had freely yielded unto him their homage, their love, and their obedience, and when he was about to go the way of all the earth, were they the subjects of his thought? Did he say to Solomon, "See that thou be a father, as well as a king to my people? see that mercy shall be handmaid of justice? that love shall be the fundamental principle of thy government, and thus shalt thou serve the Lord and prosper all thy days?" Oh, no! This good man, of the ancient days, tells his son and successor: "Be thou strong and shew thyself a man. Joab hath displeased me; let not his hoar head go down to the grave in peace. Shimei hath cursed me; bring his hoar head down to the grave with blood." As David was the best man of his time, so Solomon was the wisest man known to the pages of ancient history; and, in his great wisdom, he not only promptly executed his good parent's injunction—slaying Joab at the very altar, where he had sought refuge, and Shimei as soon as circumstances were favorable for the deed, but he also caused his brother, Adonijah, to be slaughtered, professedly because he asked that Abishag might become his wife.

By reference to this sacred history of the past, we learn how insignificant was the position of man *en masse*, how utterly unworthy of consideration he was, in the eyes of even the best and wisest of rulers; having no inherent rights, no faculties or qualities to be cultivated, expanded, or strengthened for his own use or advantage, but all, all to be devoted to the glory and aggrandisement of him whom he called Master, Ruler, or King.

When we look around us to-day and see man—the individual—pressing onward in all the avenues of life, working out his own direct purpose; giving external tangible expression to his own interior thought overcoming all conditions of matter and molding them into higher forms of use and beauty, leaving the impress of his noblest conceptions upon the social and political organizations of his age—we gaze with wonder and delight upon the progress of humanity, although our exultation is somewhat saddened when we think of the bitter tears and precious blood that have stained almost every footprint of that pathway.

To-day, the ruler of a nation is great only in the degree in which his wisdom and goodness are manifested by devotion to the people over whose interests he presides.

The emperor, king, or magistrate who, to-day, would leave a legacy of hate and retribution to his successor could not be called good; nor could that successor, should he attempt to execute such mandate, be thought wise as in the days of old he was; only he who, taking the broadest view of the wants of humanity, directs his efforts to the advancement of the race will be held in high esteem among his compeers, and when he passes from earth, his memory will wield a potent magnetic influence for good upon those who may succeed to his power.

Through the blending of the spiritual with the material world man has, in some degree, learned his own value. The dogmatic theologies of the past have taught him that he was a mere groveling worm—too mean to live and yet unfit to die. That he was by nature depraved, degraded, and, in consequence of the sin of another, deserving eternal damnation. That if he was so fortunate as to escape this eternal woe, it would not be from any goodness or merit of his own, but simply through the atoning grace of one who suffered in his stead. But the light of the spirit world, breaking through these dark clouds of ignorance and superstition, has illumined the chambers of the brain and quickened the pulses of the heart, and now man rises in his glowing aspirations and claims his birthright with his brethren of the skies. No more a worm to crawl in abasement before the God of Heaven or the Potentates of Earth; no more a creature of depravity-degradation, wretchedness, and ruin, to bow in abject submission at the footstool of a king or the shrine of a priest, he recognizes in himself an indestructable spirit, superior to all his material surroundings; the creation of an omnipotent power, possessing faculties which will enable him eventually to comprehend all the laws of the Infinite; the child of an ever loving father, who has given him an illimitable universe for his inheritance and an eternity for its enjoyment. He fears no powers of earth,

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

INVOCATION.

Our Father and our God! Thou Spirit of life, light, purity and love! Thou that dwells within all nature, before we feel that Thou art a part of all things, and feeling that we are a part of Thee, we send forth an aspiration from the innermost depths of our souls, that we may know ourselves; that by knowing ourselves we may know more of Thee, for we are Thy children. Our Father, we do not ask of Thee any special blessing, for we fully realize that as we prepare ourselves for Thy blessing we shall be blessed. We see Thee in all Thy beautiful works. We see Thee in the flower; we see Thee in the beautiful birds; we see Thee in the rippling stream; we see Thee in the tiny blade of grass, for Thou, O God, art life: and as the rain, the dews and the sun unfold the flowers, so may Thy light and Thy love shine upon us that we too may expand in intellect and wisdom, and be more like unto Thee.

O, Father! while we pray with our tongue that Thou mayest bless us, may we pray with our hands and bless others, and realize by doing good unto others that we, at the same time, bless ourselves, and show that we are more like unto Thee.

We need not ask Thy blessing to rest upon the afflicted of Thy children, for we know that that which seemeth evil is oftimes a blessing in disguise, and Thou art a loving parent, Thou lendest to the needs of all Thy children.

We thank Thee, our Father, for all Thy blessings. We would ever praise and honor Thy name. For ever, and for evermore we would praise Thee.

The controlling spirit said: "If you desire to ask any questions we will answer them to the best of our ability."

Q.—What is the comparative or relative appearance of the spirit world to the earth sphere?

A.—That portion of the spirit world which is in the immediate proximity to any part of your earth is an exact resemblance to your earth, only in a more beautiful and refined condition. It is an outgrowth of the earth sphere. The spirit world corresponds with the spirits that inhabit it. In other words, as the mind is unfolded in knowledge, so it appreciates the beauties of spirit life. It is all a reality, and to us, as material as the earth is to you. But to you it is invisible and intangible.

Q.—How did the spirit land appear to you on your first entrance there?

A.—It appeared to me as real and earth-like as your plain does to you, but more beautiful.

Q.—What were your feelings on fully realizing that you had passed the change called death?

A.—Some things I liked better, and some things I did not like so well. For instance, I had a strong appetite for ardent spirits, that appetite I carried with me, but there was no means known to me to satisfy it—that was one of the things I did not like. That appetite has died out, except when I come in contact with the earth sphere, through a medium, then it is sometimes momentarily aroused, and I again feel a craving appetite for ardent spirits.

Q.—Did you, on entering the spirit world, meet with any friends that you had known in the earth life that had died before you, and if so, how did they look to you?

A.—I did meet many of them. At first they appeared as I used to see them, otherwise I should not have been able to recognize them. They gradually assumed an appearance corresponding with the beauty of the spirit life—more beautiful than the earth life—still maintaining their individuality. The desires of a spirit are fully mirrored upon the countenance, so there is no disguising any one's true character in the spirit life.

Q.—Do spirit friends draw near to their earth friends at the time of their death, and if so, do they in any way contribute to the comfort, or in any manner assist the dying person, and if so, in what manner?

A.—Guardian spirits are ever with you. Other spirits are near at death by sympathy as earth friends are, or by reason of being specially called upon to be present, the same precisely as in the earth life. Little children, in spirit life, often draw near on such occasions, and the dying person, on becoming conscious, is greeted by them and made happy. All try to make the newly arrived spirit happy.

Q.—Is the spirit of a dying person visible to you at the time it leaves the body?

A.—It is. That is to say, the spirit form is tangible and visible when it is being born out of the earth body. It is like the earth body, only it is more refined.

Q.—Do spirits travel from places remote from each other, and if so, with what speed do they travel?

A.—You can go where you please, and it does not take what you would call time, unless you choose, you can go fast or slow at your will and pleasure.

Sunday, July 16, 1865.

HENRY E. WHITE.

I am told that I can stay here a few minutes and say whatever I like concerning myself. My history was too sad a one to be recalled were it not that it might in some way aid my brother man. I have learned by experience to lend a helping hand to the oppressed and down-trodden of humanity, and also that it is not always those who occupy the highest positions in society that control the brightest gem. On the other hand, there is a lack of that nobleness of charater that will stand by those that are cast off by the rules of society. They fear that they themselves will become contaminated by the influence of such individuals; but my experience tells me, and proves clearly, that it is not through fear of themselves, but what some particular individual or individuals will say concerning them.

It is one of the laws of nature that we should suffer ourselves before our sympathetic nature can be aroused by the sufferings of others. Let an individual be confined for days, months or years, deprived of one cheering word or a smile from any true and loving friend, shut out from all that makes life worth living for, then it is that he can appreciate kind looks and gentle words. Let that individual escape from the cell, place him in the condition where he can visit those who are afflicted in like manner, and his sympathetic nature will at once be aroused. He fears not for himself or for what others may say, but he will visit the suffering, and although they may be guilty of the darkest crimes that ever the soul was dyed with, he feels that they are the ones that need words of sympathy, a kind hand to clasp their own. A word of sympathy in the darkest hour would do more to elevate him to the true condition of manhood than solitary confinement for many—many years.

And it is something that we all have to learn, sooner or later, that the law of kindness, or to live up to the golden rule, to do as ye would that others should do unto you, will prove in the end to be the safest, the most sure, far the easiest mode of elevating humanity.

I said, in the commencement, that I could speak from experience, that my own soul having been tried by the refiner's fire—and of course been purged by the process, so much so that I can now look with a philosophical eye, and compassion also, upon every erring child of humanity. I shall not dwell at length upon my history while in earth life. The last three years, while on earth, I was confined in a dark and gloomy cell. Forced there by the conditions that surrounded me, over which I had no control, for I simply acted out that which was within—that which was given me at my birth, and carried through my life and for many years after I entered upon the spirit life—for that reason I have no self-condemnation.

Being confined that length of time, all acquaintances and friends, except near relatives, had left me. At the time I entered the dark and gloomy abode I had but two near relatives left, one my mother, the other an only sister.

My father and two brothers having previously passed to the higher life, my mother being somewhat in years, and bowed down with grief for me, her son, passed away the first year of my confinement. My sister came to inform me of her death. She was not permitted to see me, but wrote on a slip of paper to be handed to me, saying that mother was no more, that she herself was about to be married and move to the far west—that I have since learned was in your own State. Thus forsaken by friends, cast off by the only relative, I passed the last two years of my life on earth.

I cared not to stay longer, for life was a burthen, and as dark and gloomy as I pictured the future to be for one like myself, yet it would be a relief to those conditions.

Having been brought up to believe in a heaven and a hell, of course I had no thoughts of a bright and glorious future. Leaving my form in that state of mind, although I could hardly realize that such would be my fate, when I thought of God as being a God of Justice, yet, educated as I was, I of course could expect nothing better. One dark and dreary night my spirit left the form and slept, passed into an unconscious condition that lasted for seven days. When I returned to consciousness, O, joy unspeakable! I was reclining upon the bank of a most beautiful river, my angel-mother was bathing my brow, and gave me to drink of the water she brought in a little silver mug or cup that was presented to me by my father on my fourth birthday, and on it my name, "Henry." I saw the cup, I felt it, I clasped my mother to my breast, imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, realized that I was not dreaming, that I had left the dark cell and was truly with my mother. For some little time I saw none but her. She talked with me and said, "Henry, I passed from earth life that I might be nearer you in your prison-cell. When you dreamed of your mother at night, it was no vision of a fevered brain, but a reality, for I was there trying to administer to your wants. Day after day I watched with you until now we are together, and, Henry, we shall never more be parted."

Imagine now how those words thrilled through every vein of my whole being, and when I said, who has gained anything by all this? the reply was, "you, my son, for you have learned the lesson that all must learn, to deal kindly with the erring before you condemn." Look at the conditions and surroundings of the individual. Whether I have profited by that lesson, I will leave you and every one that shall read these lines to judge.

Did I wish to be recognized by friends, and had I them to recognize, I should give more particulars. My object in giving what I have is to set some intelligent minds, even, to thinking.

My native State was Vermont, the State where I passed the last few years of my life was Massachusetts. My name was Henry E. White.

LOUISA BROWN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My name is Louisa Brown. Father's folks are Baptists—father is a minister. I am afraid they will never get this, but I will tell it anyhow. I died with scarlet fever, was sick eleven days, was thirteen years old on the 3d day of June before I died, and died the 7th of December, 1857. I lived in Brooklyn, New York, was small of my age, light complexion, blue eyes, light auburn, curly hair—ringlets; round, full forehead, roman nose and thin face. Mother's name is Sarah; both parents are now living in Brooklyn. Father's name is Joseph. Have three brothers, James, Elliott and Joseph. Have two sisters, named Sarah and Josephine. I was next to the oldest of the children. Please send a paper containing this to my father.

Wednesday Morning, July 20.

JULIA SEARLS.

My home was in New Orleans. The 1st of May last my spirit left the form. I left a mother, three sisters and one brother. I promised my eldest sister if it were possible for me to return I would do so the very first opportunity. I have tried many times. My age was eighteen years, January 11th. Next January 11th, I will be nineteen. My disease was consumption, at least so called by the doctors. They will remember that I took cold, it settled upon my lungs, and I think if we had let the physicians alone, or they had let me alone, I should have been with you still. I do not feel satisfied, although every one appears kind, yet it is not my home. This lady at my left seems more like my sister than any one I have met. Many have asked me if I would go back. If I could I certainly should.

Say that I want them to tell Henry Strong that I never shall be happy until he comes—that at our last meeting I little thought that we should never meet again. Again I say I am not contented. I do not suppose it can be helped, however.

I will give you the names of my mother, brother and sisters: My brother's name is Charles E. He is older than I am; his age is twenty-three. My sister Eva will be twenty-one on the 3d of next November. My sister Angeline is fifteen. My other sister's name is Lizzie.

I don't want them to feel badly because I am not contented. My mother's christian name is the same as my own, Julia. Father is here with me, but I can hardly realize that he is my father. He tells me that I will be more contented by and by. Most every one seems to be contented that comes here. I should not have told that I was not contented but mother would want to know if I was contented. If they will give me a chance by going to the first medium they see after getting this, I will come and tell them many things that I don't want to tell here.

Please direct a paper to my uncle—I have two of them—to B. A. Fish, New York, (general delivery,) he is my mother's brother. That is all I have to say now. I am obliged to you for your kindness.

John Brown, Co. "I," 3d Regt. Iowa Vols.

Will you take down what I have got to say? I am mighty sorry for that girl, (alluding to Julia Searls who last communicated.) I am all right. I was shot right square through the head at Bull Run. This don't look much like the ground, does it? [Looking at the carpet.] I tell you I could pitch right into them fellows and fight yet [rolling up the medium's sleeves] if I only had my own suit on. I would show them that shooting a fellow through the head did not kill him by any means, I had the fight in me. They have got their pay, havn't they? The seceding cusses! Don't you think they will want to secede again? The boys will know me; just put it down as I give it. Do you think I look much like fighting? [Doubling up the medium's fist.] The first thing that I did was to find out the fellow that fired at me, and I found him. Do you believe I was cussed glad when I saw him fall too? The boys know its like me. I wasn't anything but a private. Don't have to be officers to come here, do they? [No.] I say, damn the officers—excuse me—ladies—you see they fared sumptuously while we had to take what we could get. You see if I don't bring in my words the boys won't know that it is me. It was all right that Old Abe came over. You see we fellows that had to cross over wanted him over here. Do you think it is any more than fair that he should be with us? [I suppose it was all right.] He will just lead us on to battle till the fight is all out of us. They say it will get out of us by and by. Now, I will go in for my company, &c. I suppose I shall have to give you my name, company, &c.

My name was the commonest in the world, plain, simple, John Brown—lots of the same name, aint there? I belonged to Company "I," (we boys used to say "I's" will march them out, you know,) of the 3d Regiment Iowa Infantry, first out and first in the fight. Well, if any of my folks get this, all right; if they do not, I have had the fun of coming here anyhow. My mind is, if I had a chance, I could knock some of them rebs to h—ll. [Turning to a lady.] You aint scared, are you? I aint going to tell any more. I want the boys to see this, and some of the rebs, and those who shot me down to know I aint dead yet. I will bid you good day. I am all right.

A Spirit came and said he would have to sweep out after such a dirty fellow as that last controlling the medium.

A Gentleman present asked if he had any news for him. Spirit replied, he was not news-carrier. *Gentleman*—I did not know but some of my friends might have something for me. *Spirit*—They must speak for themselves.

ARTHUR WILLIS.

I wish to give a few thoughts or ideas for the benefit of your medium. In the first place, no medium is responsible, in any way whatever, for the ideas that may be given through her while influenced by another. There are but few organisms so constituted that different spirits, different grades of development, (the difficulty that I labor under proves fully what I was about to remark,) [It was difficult for the spirit to control the medium,] that there are very few organizaims so constituted that different spirits can control and each express his ideas fully. A medium to be used for the purpose that you wish to have yours developed for must have a harmonious temperament, and of course for an individual to be in possession of that temperament, she must necessarily be surrounded by the same condition. I would say to your medium that it is a grand position. One that will constantly be sending forth new ideas concerning the future, (of which every one is very anxious to know,) and not only giving forth new ideas, but enabling those that have been forced by diseased bodies, or other causes, to find premature graves, to come back and identify themselves to their friends. And I would say again, that it is a glorious mission.

The last spirit that took possession and gave his ideas for publication—the tenor of that weighs heavily upon the mind of your medium. I would say to her, give no thought to that which may be given through her, but let those that know the object and can see the end and effect of such communications be the judges.

Now I will give you my name: Arthur M. Willis. My home was Bridgeport, Conn. I have often communicated with my friends, and it will be pleasing to them to know that I came here and manifested myself through this medium. I wish to give her a few ideas. I should not probably have given them at this time had it not been for the condition of the individual that said that his name was simple John Brown. It is something that is worthy of thought for the most noble mind—minds that you have on earth at the present time—that is the condition of the brave boys who left their homes nobly in defence of their country and right. Some have returned to their homes, others that will return, and still others that have passed to the higher life. Remember those that are with you need kind treatment. Those that are with us are bound to have it. Men of a quiet, inoffensive temperament, to all appearance, good men, and no doubt they were so; men of business, men of intellect, all went forth to be surrounded by the same influence, all to mingle in the same combative element. And each organism being composed of the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal natures, through which their spirits had to act, were necessarily influenced by that combative element. Any individual remaining for any length of time in such conditions, or surrounded by such an element, becomes very much changed. Whether they return to their homes, fall upon the battle-field, or whether they are sick and die in the hospital; whether they are taken by the enemy as prisoners and die of starvation, they are all more or less affected by this influence. It is thought by many that the spirit, leaving the physical form, becomes materially changed, and no longer manifests itself as it was wont to do in that form. But I say unto you, that, although our bodies are called spiritual bodies, yet they are composed from the elements of the physical body. The spirit is the same. True, it acts through a more refined and a more perfect organism, because that organism is not subject to disease, yet it is subject to surrounding influences. That being the case, is it not a duty that is involved upon each and every one of you to put forth the right hand of fellowship, and, at the same time, to send forth to that hand the very best part of your nature, that your influence may be felt by those individuals with whom you may come in contact?

My friend here that came and manifested that combative element felt it more forcibly as he approached that plain in which he acquired those feelings.

I said those that are with us were bound to have kind treatment. And it is because the minds by which they are surrounded are enabled to see their condition, and know what is best for their future unfoldment. Then, I say again, extend the right hand of fellowship, and, at the same time, send forth the best parts of your nature; and, by so doing, you will accomplish a vast amount of good to those individuals.

I have been in the spirit world four years; I was thirty-nine years of age when my spirit passed to the higher life, consequently I am now forty-three. My disease, as my friends know, that caused my departure, was typhoid fever. As I said, I have often manifested myself to my friends. They will be pleased to know that I have come here. Though I shall not apprise them of the fact until they shall see this. I will now bid you good evening as I have staid as long as I can.

The following communication was given to Mr. Jones, July 10, 1865:

JAMES W. HIMES.

Mr. Jones—I improve this opportunity to return my thanks for the kindness you showed me at Chicago a few weeks since. I remarked that I did not recognize the spirit controlling. He said my name is James W. Himes. You will recollect becoming acquainted with me at Chicago, and introducing me to Dr. Newton for treatment, a few weeks ago. I acknowledged the fact. It was true. He then said, at that time I little thought that disease had already made such deep inroads upon my lungs, but they were, as I have since learned, then nearly consumed. I went home, and finding myself failing rapidly, I then went in pursuit of health, but continued to fail till I finally passed the change, called death, in in Pennsylvania. My home was in Elmwood, Peoria county, Illinois.

I said, will you please give me your experience in spirit life? He said he would so far as he could. He said it was the first time he had controlled a medium, that he had tried before but had not succeeded. He had found the medium engaged in writing, and he improved that moment to gain control and had succeeded; but it was not very easy to do so as all the old feelings of disease returned to him while thus controlling. He said, "I passed from earth to the spirit world on the 25th day of May, 1865, at Steuben, Pa. My last experience on earth was a drowsy, sleepy sensation. Then I must have slept, for I felt as if waking from sleep. The first that I saw on waking was my friends in spirit life that I thought were dead. I experienced no suffering, and in fact, I could hardly believe myself when I took each one by the hand, greeted some with a kiss, some with a hearty shake of the hand, others with a bow of recognition, and fully realized that I had passed through that awful scene that we call death—that I could rise upon my feet, had free and perfect use of all the faculties that I was possessed of in perfect health, and most of all, that I so soon had been made whole—free from the disease that caused my death. My surroundings were, as I thought, of the most beautiful that any one could ever conceive of. All seemed perfectly easy, and, as I should naturally say, at home. After many inquiries that I will not relate, for I must be brief, I turned to find my wife, that I left watching by my bedside. When I found that my remains had not yet been interred, I knew, of course, that it could have been but a little time since I had left my body. All seemed composed and reconciled but one, and that one was my wife. [Emotions of sympathy.] Pardon me, but the feelings are strong yet. When I recall the scene, my heart is yet pained from witnessing her grief and not being able in any way to make myself known to her. Her moans and sighs for herself and children, that they were left alone, deprived of husband and father, to combat with the world alone was much harder to be borne than death. Then, by some one unknown to me, I was called to leave that scene—to visit my children at home in Illinois—thence to my parents near Durand, Illinois, and all of my relations—then turned to scenes in my new home. All was done very quickly, although I observed many things while passing from one point to the other. Then, although I did not feel at all tired, yet the same one that said to me, 'leave those unpleasant scenes,' bid me rest. I did rest, and on waking, for I did sleep, I found, as before, many of my friends. I conversed freely with many of them in regard to different things—how they lived, what they did for pastime, of their experiences, and whether they had ever seen any more of a personal God or of a personal devil than they did before death. (I was a Congregationalist.) I found they were all like me—were disappointed, had not been able to find either. [The medium's hand then being placed over the left lung.] (A keen pain that I experienced for months I feel now, it must be in the left lung.) I have visited many places both on your plain and on the plain that I now occupy, and go, it appears to me, by thought or will, without the consumption of any apparent time. This is my first control. There are many things that I could give you but I do not find it so easy to control, I will try at some future time to give more details. I have not yet discovered anything but what is beautiful. I find that our desires, in many respects, are the same, and that there is a supply to meet every demand, and that which I should least have expected is granted also, and that is to return to my friends."

The foregoing facts are strictly true, so far as refers to meeting this spirit, while in earth life, at Chicago, while on a visit to Dr. Newton, a few months since, and I am informed by the spirit's relatives that he did actually pass from this life at the time and place represented by himself. S. S. Jones.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Time for Action.

Slowly has the power of our philosophy been for about twenty years moulding the institutions of the country, until it has at last gained a sufficient hold on public and private sentiment to demand organic action, if not central, at least local and various in many localities. Many purposes can only be carried on successfully by organic action. We purpose to separate education from theology and christianity, and leave the educated mind free to select and choose its own religious action and belief, and at least to release the colleges and academies from the arbitrary and bigoted control and intolerance of priestcraft, and we cannot do this without a well devised, consistent, co-operative action and effort. Philosophical Spiritualism certainly can see the need of this work, and can see that only by organic action and strong and persistent effort can this work be accomplished.

We have now among us far more wealth and intellect than any sect or two sects of christians, and yet have done nothing to establish a school where the sciences shall form the basis of an education and philosophy—the structure without a theological steeple. We ought to have within the next five years at least three good colleges in operation, without theological minds to encumber them with superstitious and sectarian dogmas. There are now thousands of young minds, of both sexes, at present free from every sectarian encumbrance, who are seeking knowledge and intend to have an education, and their friends intend they shall have it; but where can they go except under the tuition and guidance of superstitious and sectarian minds—except in the study and profession of law or medicine, both of which need nearly as much reforming as the classical course in our colleges? The co-operation of one hundred or five hundred local organizations which can agree on this one object and purpose, can soon and easily carry out the object and sustain one or more schools that shall be free from a false system of theology, while the individual members of such organizations acting without concert and organic action cannot accomplish it. A pile of bricks is not a house, and will not shelter a family, but they may be put into shape, as individual efforts can by organic action. We have been disintegrating material for a long time, and getting it together in a loose way in our meetings and conventions, but have made no systematic effort to do anything with it, except to free it and prepare it for such use as the future may suggest. Have we not accumulated nearly enough to begin work? Is not the first work to organize the minds and lay out the plan for the objects and purposes which we desire jointly to carry out? The great and chief corner-stone of this structure is education without superstition mixed in it, as we now have from infancy to old age. We can never free the country from superstition and bigotry while the masses are ignorant, or while the clergy control the schools. The variety and conflicts of the sects have done much to open the eyes of many who now see quite clearly the need of schools free from all sects, and now is the time I believe to organize the power in every town where there are ten persons free from sectarian control into some kind of body to co-operate for this and other great objects of practical reform as the fruits of Spiritualism.

Warren Chase.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Giordano Bruno, the Martyr of Science.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

In February, 1600, a vast crowd had assembled in an open area in the city of Rome. In their midst was a man bound to a stake with bristling fagots heaped around him. Who is he? Of what crime is he convicted that he must suffer so awful a penalty?

That man is Giordano Bruno, the most daring philosopher of his age, and his crime is simply daring to think. He has said that Aristotle had not all the truth; that in the wide universe there was room for one other soul. So the priesthood have seized him, and seek to bow his stubborn neck or break it asunder!

Around him gather men of learning casting a glance of sympathy; friends who shed tears at his fearful fate; bigots who gnash their teeth, and cry that a hundred such deaths were too few for such a demon; mothers hold up their children and point out the man who is given to Satan, and whose fagot flames are but the beginning of unending fire, and warn them against thinking otherwise than the priest tells them to think. Chained there they present him the sacrament, the body of Christ—he turns away! They hand him the crucifix, holy emblem of that Christ who died for him,—he will not kiss it! Then from all that vast assembly, from the fierce bigot, the gentle maiden; the rough boor and the polished statesman; even from gentle childhood, one fierce, loud, hoarse growl, such as a wild beast tormented by pain gives ere it leaps upon its tormentor: "Burn the vile heretic!"

This man has dared to think! His story can be briefly told: He was born in that eventful age which stands between the present day and the mediæval night. In the dim twilight of the revival of learning, Aristotle held despotic dominion over the learning of the world, and such was the reverence for his works, that he came very near becoming cannonized as a saint, and his teachings were considered a part of christianity. But, nevertheless, Aristotle, from beginning to end, was false! Men believed him because none dared to contradict him. They saw the inevitable result. Bruno dared. Gallileo succeeded him, dared, but was forced into silence. Bruno would not recant; he suffered martyrdom, and stands alone as the only man who has, in the history of the world, so died rather than renounce a scientific truth. Religion claims its martyrs by the thousand, who smiled in the flames for the sake of opinion, true or false; who smiled, though suffering for what to us are foolishest conceits; but Science, cool, clear, devoid of fanaticism, claims but one. Early in life he assumed the frock of a Dominican out of seeming wantonness of a nature ardent and reckless as the heat of his native land. He was a true Neopolitan, and his whole career is that of exhuberant intellectual strength, and wild, with an extatic delight in its power.

But the cell cannot hold him. He is not of the stuff of which bigots are made. His mental power will not flow in that channel. Eagerly it fastens on the creed presented for its reception. Trans-substantiation felt the first rude assault, and other dogmas followed. Then Aristotle, the chief pillar of the church, was assailed. The Inquisition was aroused. He fled. From city to city, from country to country, this modern Xenophanes wandered. But his transcendent eloquence made him friends wherever he went. Everywhere he cast bold defiance to the old dogmas, and staid until the storm he raised rendered flight necessary.

Those were eventful times. From stupid belief men had become skeptics equally stupid. From believing everything they had come to doubt everything. This skepticism was simply a reaction, and by it not only was Europe severed from Rome, but science was separated from the puerile scholasticism of the middle ages. Many brave men went down in the melee. Telesio, Campanella, and a host of others, fell because they believed in a truth. Bruno found a home in England, and with such men as Philip Sydney, Greville, and Harvey, enjoyed the high pleasure flowing from the contact of noble minds. But fate drove him thence. It is hard to possess a truth and not tell it. Is it egotism? Is it ambition? Perhaps; and perhaps it is the voice of God wishing to speak, and the man obeys the mandate of destiny. He went forth singly against the red-handed spirit of intolerance. He threw the gauntlet from England clear across Europe, and awaiting not the coming of his adversary, he went forth to meet him. For ten years he fought from city to city, in France and Germany. He became daring. He resolved to beard intolerance in its den, and went direct to Padua. A terrible dungeon of Venice received him. For six years he languished there. Alone, without books, deprived of his pen, that mind, whose only enjoyment was vigorous battling with others, which joyed in its strength as an athlete, caged there to be broken by solitude, presents a refinement of punishment not easily conceived. In England, in Germany, he drew audiences which appreciated and admired, and with them he might have remained undisturbed. But that very reason drove him away; impelled him against his enemies. From the dungeon to the inquisition was a step. He was excommunicated and condemned to a "punishment as merciful as possible, without effusion of blood." What did that mean? In the tongue of the inquisition, burning at the stake.

Calmly he received the sentence and, broken as he was by six dreary years of confinement, he haughtily said to his judges, "I suspect you pronounce this sentence with more fear than I receive it." It was not Galileo they had there. He would not bend. So to the stake. The multitude howled and hissed with the flames that wrapped his form. In an hour the ashes of Bruno and of the fagots blended, and the winds blew them away!

Did he perish? Never! Intolerance made a mistake. It thought it had a truth, which had no busi-

ness in the world, at the stake. It only had Bruno! No, it did not even have Bruno—only had his body The winds blew the ashes of that body all over Europe. Every grain was impregnated with his spirit. Men everywhere asked; "Why was this man slain? Because he dared to think! And *is it wrong to think?*" Human consciousness answered no! Bruno by his death accomplished more than by a thousand lives. The truth he strove to utter was not slow in finding other speakers. Mind had grown to that *status* when nothing but freedom would satisfy its aspirations, and now every man became a Bruno, daring to think for himself.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Letter from Dr. Child.

Dear Editors—Now as you buckle on your harness for a new and enlarged sphere of labor, let me send you a word of greeting.

The *times* demand a spiritual messenger. The world was never in a condition to require more spiritual food than at this time, and I think never better able to appreciate it.

The red hand of war, with its desolating influence, has swept over our fair land, and there lives no one who has not felt its influence in some way. There are hundreds of thousands to-day who are reaching out, with longing hands and loving aspirations, for responses from those who have been sent forward to the unknown land, and who are equally anxious to communicate with the loved ones who remain within the vail. Under these circumstances, the mission of Spiritualism, through its lecturers, teachers and writers, is to meet the demands of the age and present such a system of spiritual philosophy as will satisfy the needs of the people.

It must be your aim to present a variety of interesting matter in the domain of science, philosophy, and religion, for true spiritualism embraces all these; and care must be taken that nothing of a personal or partizan character is introduced. Now that the war has broken down much of the sectionalism of this land, spiritualists ought to be among the first to recognize the broad and universal platform of humanity.

Spirits come to all classes and conditions, and why should not we, who have enlisted as volunteers in their army, seek to carry out of the Egypt in which we have been living, the bondage in which we and our fathers have been, and which has caused us so much suffering?

I thought I loved freedom and hated oppression and sectarianism before I had spoken to the spirits face to face; but when I saw how the tawny sons of Africa, and especially the red men of this land, were laboring lovingly side by side for the elevation of the human family—the red man, whose race has been almost crushed out by the avarice and cruelty of the white man, presents in this a most noble instance of lofty and soul-elevating gratitude. Many of these untutored children of the forest have risen in spirit life to the plain so beautifully exemplified by Jesus when he cried out "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Then how important it becomes us to seek to banish from our minds every narrow and sectarian feeling that would deprive any brother of a single right which God has guaranteed to him, by the capacity which he has bestowed upon him, for in so doing, we elevate ourselves and open the way for progression.

I shall be glad to aid you in your labors, and will endeavor to hold up the little mirror which God has given to me, so that if any truth falls upon it, while I may be benefitted thereby, it may also be reflected upon others, and we may thus share the blessings of the upper world—for truth is always higher than error—and thus shall we go on as a band of brothers journeying towards the better country.

May the highest success attend your labors, as well as those of all who work earnestly and faithfully for the spread of light and knowledge over the broad and teeming fields of humanity, is the desire of

Your friend, Henry T. Child, M. D.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

First Principles.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

The leading minds of the world seem to be, with one accord, tending to a recognition of the great primary moral truth that opinions are neither meritorious nor criminal; that it is not really wicked for one person to do what he was created to do, and what he cannot help doing if he would, and should not if he could; to see, feel, think, and judge differently from another. And I think it is a demonstrable proposition that all persons do, and must, think and feel according to their relations to external objects and to other persons, and believe or form opinions according to their appreciation of evidence. Whatever may be true of the much controverted and sadly muddled doctrine of "free agency," there is no freedom of choice here. One cannot will to believe contrary to evidence, though he may misinterpret evidence, or refuse to examine it. Mere assent to creed or dogma, without intellectual conviction, is sheer mental abnegation.

When one person assumes that another ought to believe thus and so; that his neighbor is blame-worthy for believing this, or in danger of perdition for disbelieving that, he mistakes misfortune for fault, and bigotry for reason; and he excuses his own dereliction of duty by imposing on his fellow-being an impossible task. If one person regards another as entertaining error, as mistaken in judgment, his proper business is to present to him the evidence of the truth, and to commend that truth by an exemplary life and beneficent results. All the persecutions, the inquisitions and the martyrdoms which have blackened the pages of human history, had their origin solely in the disposition to enforce opinions without furnishing testimony.

Rapidly as the activities of the human mind have developed during the last half century, and unparalleled as have been the innovations on time-honored doctrines, customs, usages, fashions, and the "ancient landmarks," free thought and free speech are still among the world's desiderata, even in this boasted "land of the free." Four years of civil war, more gigantic, more bloody, and more desolating than the world ever saw before, have worked out the problem of "free soil" for the nation. The solution of this problem, though terrible in its struggle and awful in its material expenditures and social bereavements, is worth all it cost. Who would have the work undone if he could? Truth and right are priceless. No sacrifice can be too great which achieves the one and establishes the other on the earth. Henceforth in this "most glorious country that the sun ever shone upon" all men are free. But how few comprehend the proper meaning and full significance of this word, *freedom?*

A majority of persons, probably all, recognize freedom of thought on many subjects. But how few there are, even among the most enlightened and progressive minds of the nineteenth century, who can tolerate absolute freedom of thought on *all* subjects? All persons claim for themselves the right to choose in matters of faith, to assent or dissent. But a majority will deny this privilege to their neighbors. And while all will acknowledge absolute freedom of thought as a principle, a majority will repudiate it as a practice, especially for others.

True as is this statement, that few can tolerate the idea of absolute freedom of thought on all subjects, in a general sense, it is especially true in relation to medical and theological subjects; subjects which concern the vital manifestations of living organisms and the spiritual relations and destinies of human beings.

God's law and nature's order are, "the *perfect* law of liberty;" the freedom of every man or woman to do all that he or she wills to do, without infringing the equal freedom of any other person. But, let us not unnecessarily shock the conservatism or fastidiousness of the public mind. Freedom is not anarchy. Liberty is not licentiousness. Freedom *in* all the relations of life, the doctrine of Nature and of Bible, of progress and of development, is not freedom *from* any relation in life, nor from any law of organization. It is the doctrine of obedience to all law.

Human beings can understand rightly, can develope truly, can elevate themselves to a higher and better life, can progress heavenward, only as they recognize and comprephend their relations to surrounding objects and to other beings. And they cannot learn these things without investigation; and investigation necessitates observations from different stand-points, diverse experiences, multitudinous misapprehensions, and constant conflict of opinions.

We might as well quarrel because all persons do not look alike; because they vary in hight, features, and complexion; because some are white and others red, and others yellow, and others brown, and others black, as to wrangle because they do not all feel and think alike. Those who are so disposed to persecute for conscience's sake do not sufficiently reflect that, if the rule which their conduct avows could be reduced to practice, it would inevitably and very soon annihilate the human race. Others cannot reason from our data, nor can we conclude from their logical processes.

If we could have all persons look, feel and think alike, it would be the most unfortunate thing that could happen. If another person looked like me, I should not know him from myself. If all should feel and think alike, we could have no association with other minds; individuality would be obliterated, the sexes would be abolished, and society would be destroyed. Freedom, then, of thought and feeling, freedom absolute and perfect *in* all the relations of life, is not only a political right, a social privilege, a beneficial policy, an advisable expedient, but it is also a necessity of existence. If human beings would make a proper use of their differences of mind and peculiarities of body, and if they would meet and commune in the spirit of love and truth-seeking, each would conduce to the development of all, and all would contribute to the education and happiness of each.

But what is education? I think that the text-books of our schools do not rightly explain it. The mind is not a reservoir to receive, passively, facts, ideas, or knowledge. An idea is not a thing, but a perception of a thing. Knowledge has no existence outside of the mind. It is itself mental action.

When the mind knows, or thinks, or feels, it is in a state or condition of action. It is then taking cognizance of external objects. It is these which are passive in their relation to the mind; not the mind passive in its relation to them, or in their relations to each other. We are told, indeed, in the school-books, and by the natural philosophers, while we are taught in all the standard works on Physiology, Pathology, Chemistry, Toxicology, and Materia Medica, that external objects, in some mysterious and incomprehensible manner, through the media of the five senses, *act upon* or "make impressions" on the mind. And for ages philosophers and metaphysicians have puzzled their brains exceedingly, and perplexed their readers amazingly, in attempts to find the rationale, all, however, unavailingly.

There is a world of delusion in this one, in this little word "impression." We are told, for example, that light acts on the eyes; that sound acts on the ears; that odors act on the nose; that savors act on the palate; that food acts on the stomach; that medicines and poisons act on different organs and tissues, and make impressions on the various parts and structures of the living body, &c.; and even diseases are said to act upon us; to attack us; to go through us; to run a course; to become seated within us, as though they were really entities, and had an existence independent of vital action, and outside of the vital domain. The exact contrary is true in all of these cases.

What is truth? It is the mind's recognition of the normal relation of things. And what is its opposite, error or falsehood? I answer, it is the mind's recognition of their abnormal or misrelations. Everything is good, or right, *per se;* and anything is bad, or wrong, misrelated or misused. *Use* the things of the universe and all are "very good." *Abuse* them, and all are, to you, evil, and that continually. Can any one conceive of evil, or of falsehood, except in the sense of the misrelation, misuse, or abuse of something intrinsically good? Can any one conceive of them as entities?

To illustrate: All written language, be it true or false, good or evil, wise or foolish, rational or absurd, is constituted of certain arrangements of the letters of the alphabet. Place these letters in their normal or proper relations to each other and they make words and sentences which are right and good, and true; they express all the thought, all the knowledge, all the wisdom, which we can conceive or comprehend. But, misrelated, misused, arranged promiscuously, or disorderly, abnormal related, *abused*, so to speak, they utter all the nonsense, all the falsehood, all the absurdity or insanity, which can be told or imagined. Can we then regard evil as an entity? Is falsehood a thing? Is sin a substance? Is the devil a person? And is hell a place?

Each letter of the alphabet is just and right, and good, and true, in itself. Properly arranged or used, each is an element of truth. But disarranged, misused, each becomes an element of falsehood.

What is a bad man, an evil person, a great villain, a small miser, a wicked wretch, a tyrant, or a fool, except a person in abnormal relations? And does not this fact alone plainly indicate the manner and rationale of his reformation, his redemption, his salvation?

We can never understand, nor rationally investigate, the great problems of Life, Health, Socialogy and Progress, until we refer their discussion to first principles.

And what are first principles? Simply, the laws of nature; or, if any one prefers the expression, the attributes of Deity. Henry Ward Beecher uttered a truth of great significance, when he said in a late sermon, "The decrees of God are the laws of nature." When this truth is fully appreciated, we shall learn that there is no war, no conflict, no discrepancy, no inharmony, between God and his works; and we shall have the strongest possible motive for bringing ourselves into harmony with God, nature, and humanity; and we shall then recognize the deep philosophy, as well as the high morality and imperative duty, of "ceasing to do evil and learning to do well" in all things.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SOCIAL SCIENCE—THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR CONSIDERED AS THE TRUE BASIS OF THE SOCIAL ORGANISM.

Addressed to Men of Enterprise and Progress.

BY ALBERT BRISBANE.

There is a large number of men in our country who are interested in questions of social progress and improvement. The reforms which have agitated the minds of the people for the last thirty years, have excited in many an ardent desire for the establishment of a true order of society on the earth, and for the social elevation of the human race. They would like to engage in, or aid in some way a work that would promote the attainments of their great ends. The question is to know what to do, and how to begin. The problem of social reorganization is a rare and complex one. If they who undertake it do not begin rightly—begin at the beginning—and conduct their operations wisely, they will fail.

After much experience and study, we do not hesitate to affirm that the true, practical commencement of a social reorganization—or rather of *organization*, for society is as yet in reality unorganized, and in an incoherent, transitional state—is in the ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

Labor—or to speak of it in its concrete form, productive industry, with its various branches of agriculture, manufactures, etc.—is the foundation of the social system. If the foundation is not rightly laid, if it is falsely constituted, the superstructure will be false. The great problem to be solved, the prior work to be done, by men who would accomplish something positive and practical for the elevation of their race, is *to organize labor on scientific principles and a basis of justice.*

We present the plan of an enterprise which will test, and we believe, will solve this great problem. It is an industrial enterprise, based on the principle of association, in which labor will be organized in accordance with nature's laws of organization. While the enterprise has for its object the demonstration of a great truth, it will offer to those who engage in it a broad and noble field of action, and scope for exercise of the higher faculties of the mind.

Before explaining the nature of the enterprise, we will explain briefly what labor is, and the functions which it performs in the social world. The reader will then better understand the supreme importance of its organization, and the value of the enterprise which has that desire in view.

Labor is the physical activity of man, directed under the control of thought to the creation of the means and instrumentalities necessary to his material existence, happiness, greatness and power. It is the living force, the *vis viva* in man applied to the accomplishment of that part of his destiny on earth which depends on material or industrial creations. What can be more important than to organize this great and primary force to which the proper direction and application of all the forces and the life in nature are subject!

As to the functions which labor performs in the social world, we will sum up the leading ones under the following heads:

First. Labor is the sole source of wealth. Adam Smith, in his great work on the wealth of nations, first proclaimed clearly in 1776 this truth. Since then, it has been held by all political economists. This truth appears however self-evident, when we define in what wealth consists and how it is produced. Wealth consists in all those things which are necessary to, or promote man's physical wants and comforts, his material greatness and power. Now it is labor which creates them all. It is labor which clears, cultivates and beautifies the earth, which is his abode; which erects his edifices, produces his food and clothing, rears and tames his flocks and herds, constructs his means of conveyance, works mines and their metals, manufactures his implements and machinery, prints his books, in short creates the totality of material things, which are indispensable to his well-being, and which we call wealth.

Second. Labor is the primary source of health and of physical development. Continual exercise and movement are, as is known, the condition of a normal state for all higher animal organisms. It is only under a system of ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY—which will be one of the results of its scientific organization—that humanity will attain to integral health, and a natural state of longevity, which is something over a century; the longevity of the human race is in our false societies, about thirty-three years.

Third. Labor furnishes the conditions of man's intellectual and moral development; that is, the material means necessary to education and the exercise of the arts and sciences.

Fourth. Labor is the material basis of the social system, the foundation on which the whole social superstructure rests. As it furnishes to man wealth, health, and the means of education, it is evident that no true social order can exist if these conditions are wanting.

We could lay down other propositions, but these are sufficient to demonstrate the importance of organizing labor, for the great results which labor can secure to man, can only be secured in their fulness by its scientific organization.

Labor is at present unorganized, or imperfectly organized; it is in a rude and incoherent state; its exercise is difficult, repulsive and brutalizing, its product is small.

This condition of labor engenders a majority of the evils which exist in society, and which are falsely attributed to other causes, such as the imperfection or depravity of man, his fall, etc. It entails on the masses poverty with its cares and anxieties, or sinks them into ignorance, as it absorbs them in physical toil, and leaves them without the means of mental culture; it enslaves the mind to the body, the spiritual to the material, and degrades man's moral and intellectual nature; it gives rise to unjust laws and institutions, such as slavery, the wages system, privileges and monopolies, by which the intelligent and the cunning oppress the ignorant multitude and plunder them of the fruit of their labor; it creates general distrust and discord in society by the devices and frauds which are pacticed for the purpose of gain; it drives the men of ambition, talent and capacity from productive industry, and induces them to engage in the unproductive pursuits and professions which live on labor, and in which they obtain wealth without the toil of producing it; it afflicts indirectly the rich with debility and disease, as it leads them to pass their lives in idleness; it impels members of the lower classes to resort to drunkenness to forget their sufferings, or to crime to obtain the means of existence, which labor often does not supply; it excites a contempt for work, and renders idle ease respectable, giving to society a false tone, which vitiates its whole tendency and spirit.

A true organization of labor or of productive industry can alone remedy these evils. Let us see what it will effect.

It will DIGNIFY INDUSTRY, and RENDER IT ATTRACTIVE, and will induce all to engage voluntarily in it and become producers; it will thus secure the possession of universal HEALTH and universal WEALTH, which are the two primary conditions of human happiness; it will lead to the abolition of unjust laws and institutions by which the minority live without labor on the toil of the masses, for which industry is rendered attractive, no one will wish to remain idle, and to cheat others out of the fruit of their labor; it will enlist the talent, enterprise and energy of society in industry, as they are now enlisted in commerce, banking, politics, etc., and will give to industry a gigantic development; it will supply the material means necessary to education; it will free the mind from slavery to matter by creating wealth in abundance to satisfy all the physical wants, and by proper material arrangements in society; it will lead to unity of interest and action, and will establish the reign of real and practical liberty in the social world, for there can be no real liberty for the laboring classes so long as they are forced to spend their lives in repulsive toil; it will give a tone to society that will render industry honorable, and idleness dishonorable, and will establish new standards of respectability and social position; and, lastly, it will open to ambition and genius—when the system shall be universalized—avenues to fame and fortune.

It is to test practically this great problem of the organization of labor that we propose the undertaking we have in view. If a body of enterprising and intelligent men could be interested in the work—a hundred even with a capital of from $2,000 to $5,000 each—the enterprise could be begun, and if wisely managed, carried through with brilliant success, leading to results of unlooked for importance.

We propose a practical experiment on a comparatively small scale, on a tract of land, less in extent than a township, and with a few hundred persons. The organization of labor can be tried on this scale, as well as if made on a whole country, and its great and benificent results clearly demonstrated. We believe that if a single successful experiment would be made, and the effects which a scientific organization of labor would produce were exhibited to the world, it would be struck with astonishment at the sight of an industrial system that would create attraction and enthusiasm in labor, secure the possession of wealth to the extent of superfluity, and establish concord and unity in all interests and in all the industrial operations of society.

We have often seen in history great results spring from small causes. The invention of the spinning-jenny and power-loom has revolutionized the manufacturing system of the world. The invention of the cotton-gin at the beginning of the century gave an immense impetus to the cotton culture, and with it to the spread of slavery, which in turn led to the building up of a mighty slave power that engendered a civil war, the most terrible in history. The idea of Stephenson of placing a steam-carriage on a tram-road giving rise to the railway system, has changed the travel, and to some extent the social intercourse of the world. In like manner we believe that a single example of a true organization of industry and of the relations of those engaged in it, would lead to a fundamental and beneficent change in our whole industrial, commercial and combining systems, which are radically false and demand a radical reform, and would lay the foundation of the elevation of the laboring classes or the masses of mankind.

In my next article I will take up the subject of organization.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Are We a Free People?

When our forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence, and afterward the Constitution of these United States, it was believed that thenceforth we were to be a Free People; and, to make the matter more clear, and to place every man on his own individuality it was added "and equal;" and yet, with this instrument for our guide, our forefathers, even the very framers of that constitution, found it impossible to live up to it, for we find many of them owners, if not dealers in human flesh, and denying to a portion of the human race the very rights they had declared "inalienable;" and so, while we were boasting of ours as a land of freedom, we were constantly riveting and adding link after link to the chain of slavery, and while Washington and Madison, and perhaps many others of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, saw slavery as a principle to be wrong, still at that day it had not sufficient force or hold upon the mind to develope itself in practice, and hence many of them preached one law and practiced another, forgetting that there is no principle based upon eternal justice but that applies to all conditions of life, high or low, young or old, rich or poor; and it is evident from the letters of General Washington to the people of the State of Virginia that even he was not satisfied with the Constitution as it was then adopted, but, as he said, it was the best that could be done under the circumstances.

Now, it must not be inferred from what has been said that there was no step taken by our forefathers towards universal freedom, for there was, and that step was the declaration that ALL men were born free and equal, which laid the foundation and was the corner-stone of the sublime edifice now finished, that of universal freedom; so that we find in the Declaration of Independence a never-dying principle, which, like many of the declarations of Christ, were sown in corruption and raised in incorruption, for truth is immortal, and it matters not by whom promulgated, it must ultimate in grand results.

Now let us see if we have accomplished all that is contained in that document handed down to us by our forefathers.

We find there also not only the freedom of the body guaranteed but the freedom of the MIND also, together with the expression of opinion and the pursuit of happiness, and these are set forth as inalienable individual rights. Now, what is the state of society to-day, political, religious, and social? Why slavery the most tyrannical, unrelenting, permeates all grades of society, and yet claiming to live under a constitution guaranteeing to us all these. Where a citizen of the United States expresses an honest opinion in regard to this or that form of government, or this or that compact, being binding or not, he is straightway branded as a traitor to the North or South as his opinions may happen to vary from and be expressed in either. Now if the framers of the constitution held, in writing that article, any mental reservation, or intended merely to say, you shall be guaranteed the freedom of opinion provided you think as we do, then we are living up to it; but if it was intended in its largest and most comprehensive sense, then we are trampling the constitution under foot, and be assured it will in time turn upon us and demand its birthright even though the land be deluged with blood to accomplish it, for those rights are inherent in man, and though he, like the waves of the sea, may seem to give back for a time, yet by that very act he only accumulates strength, and by the next returning wave will carry everything before him.

Take next the intolerance of religious opinion in our land, and though the rack and the fagot that could torture the body have passed away, yet the rack and the fagot are applied to the mind and interior sensibilities of the doomed or damned as the case may be, its but too evident that if the balance of power (the non-professors of the land) were withdrawn, a war of extermination would immediately ensue among the different creeds, and all of them professing to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Every new phase of religion, beginning with that of Christ, has had to fight its way into a place among the mythologies of the day, and often at the expense of hectacombs of victims, and so on up through christianity in its different phases, each phase calling for deluge of blood until (being a step in advance) it found a resting-place in the minds of the most advanced; and even to-day we find any new phase in religion or discovery in philosophy or science has to fight its way through the long lists of bigotry and religious intolerance, and the man who adopts any of these not yet popularly established opinions or principles will be fortunate indeed if he is not branded by the religious world as an unsafe and dangerous man, and no matter whether good or ill fortune befall him he is looked upon as a *doomed* man, and to make the matter doubly sure he is treated as such.

Nor are the laws of society less exacting in her demands, for the man or woman that would dare to assert his or her right to the pursuit of happiness in their own way, even though it conflicted in no wise with the interests or happiness of others, would draw upon them not only the censure but the scorpion lash of that worst of all tyrants, society; and if the slow, yet wholesale, murders that society is committing by the holding together of the numberless cases of legalized prostitution, saying nothing of the many unfortunate mothers who have, perhaps, erred through an excess of their love nature, are forced by the dread of that foul fiend, society, to commit a crime unknown even to the animal race, that of murdering its own offspring.

Tell me that, "*Are we a free people?*" Nay then, let us not rest satisfied with the mere freedom of the black slave, but let us place our standard where *all* will be reached, and where the bondmen and bondwomen of every description shall be free, even though they themselves may have forged the chains; for the law of experience is higher than all other law, and to deny the uses or benefits of experience is to deny the law of growth, which exists in mind as well as matter, and without which all would be stagnation, desolation and decay. Clifton.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Lovest Thou Me?"—John.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

This inquiry, though occurring in the gospel of John, the favorite of Jesus, and of all Biblical characters my ideal, was not originally addressed to him, but to Peter, proverbial for his lack of firmness and instability of purpose. John, though youngest of the Apostles, so shared the confidence of the gentle Nazarene that he was permitted to not only accompany him in his journeyings through Samaria, by Olive's Mount, the Judean Lakes, and the gardens bordering on Kedron, but at the last supper, when heart answered to heart, friend met friend in subdued sadness, and soul responded to soul in tenderest sympathy, John, in consonance with a custom still practiced in Oriental lands, and symbolic of the most cordial esteem mingled with grief and affection, leaned, lovingly leaned upon Jesus' bosom.

Were I, after the manner of Grecian Churchmen or Roman Catholics, to select a Patron Saint, it would be the ancient Apostle John, for from the scriptural readings and recitations of early childhood, he was my ideal man, and the most deserving of love and admiration. Relative to his commanding appearance, ripe scholarship, and extensive influence in Ephesus, and all through Asia-Miner, in his old age, all ecclesiastical historians are agreed. His words set in sentences like pearls in diadems, gave to his style that smooth classical finish peculiar to the highest Shemitic attainments; while his Patmos experiences abundantly testify of his remarkable clairvoyance and wonderful mediumistic powers. His Epistles, yet fresh with the dews of a perpetual inspiration, were genuine love-letters. When writing, he seems to have dipped his pen into an ocean of love, and, according to Eusebius, when speaking his liquid, lute-like voice fell in such silvery cadences that erring Asiatic souls were charmed into purity and holiness of life. His dimest conception of Deity was this: "God is love." His theology was the Platonian philosophy Christianized and baptised at the fountain of Infinite love and wisdom; while his missionary life, fraught with tears and trials, perils and persecutions, was a long practical Odyssey from the calling by the sea-side to his transition into the rapturous splendors of the New Jerusalem, that in vision he had seen "descending from God out of heaven."

LOVE FRATERNAL.

Love is not merely a white lily on the bosom of a lake, ever delicate and fragrant; not an Æolian harp singing in the windows to the breezes; not the bewitching cooing of turtle-doves, but an active principle—the soul's central magnet,—admitting of this general definition: Love is a divine soul-motion, imprisoned in the God-principle, and manifest through the top-brain organs, and is fresh, spontaneous, free and universal, just in the ratio of the interior unfoldment of the conscious spirit; being no nearer allied to lust than is heaven to hell, angels to apes, or the Celestials of the Summer-land to the Chimpanzees of Africa. Acknowledging the brotherhood of men, of worlds and systems of worlds, it goes out like a good shepherd, with extended arms, calling the wandering to the Father's house, scattering gems of friendship, breathing words of kindness, and doing noble deeds of charity for the love of charity.

O, how divinely beautiful is a brother's love, all devoid of selfishness and full of sympathy; and thrice beautiful is a sister's affection, chaste as crystal and overflowing with self-sacrifice and devotion. This great love-nature that beats and throbs in gushing tenderness, is too much cramped by custom and far less manifest and spontaneous in the sordid frigidness of American than in French or German life. Dr. O. Martin, a cousin of mine, residing in Worcester, Mass., spending considerable time in the medical hospitals of Paris, and other continental cities, says: "The very elite among the young men of France give and receive the kiss fraternal with more freedom than do the ladies of this country." Dr. Sprague, in his book entitled "European Celebrities," speaking of calling upon that eminent scholar and theologian, Dr. Heubner, of Wittenberg, says: "When the company rose from the dinner table they fell to kissing and shaking hands with each other, and I had nothing to do but walk up and shake hands; thus much participating in the ceremony. When we parted at the close of the evening the Doctor embraced me, and impressing a bona-fide kiss upon my cheek, pronounced upon me a most brotherly benediction. He seemed the Apostle John over again." The Rev. J. F. Clarke, says "when

Theodore Parker was about sailing for Europe, and I called to see him for the last time, he followed me to the door of his library room and, putting his hands upon my shoulders, fondly kissed me, saying, 'James, if you and I never meet again in this world, we have the satisfaction of knowing there never has been one unkind word or feeling between us.'" The Rev. Mr. Clark considered this more *honorable* than those "red ribbons" worn as symbolizing "legions of honor" in the old world, and it was but a practical exhibition of the Apostolic John's teachings. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "Let love be without dissimulation." "Greet all the *brethren* with a holy kiss." "Love worketh no ill to its neighbor." Were this principle of brotherhood universally actualized, the Eden of the poets would dawn upon mortals, making the wildernesses of civic life to blossom like the rose, and the waste places of earth to bear fruitage as free as abundant for all humanity. Then would there be a blessed blending of soul with soul, villa with villa, city with city; yea, a boundless union and communion akin to those congenial things that people the love-lands of the angels.

(To be continued.)

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain!"

Our Children.

Do you wonder, children, who *our* children are? Do you imagine the editor has, like the great showman, Barnum, a Happy Family, who are to receive especial attention through the columns of the Religio-Philosophical Journal? Not so. Our Children are Mollie, Tom, Kate, Harrie and, in fact, all of you who read the paper, and all who do not read it. Our children are tucked away in the nurseries, and watched over by loving mothers. Our children are stowed away in wretched cellars, inhaling pestilence; they are crowding the city streets, stealing, begging, dying. Our children, too, are the brave and beautiful boys and girls who are coming up a mighty host to take our places on Life's Arena. The little human buds, bits of fun and mischief, are *our* pets. Deal very tenderly with these sweet germs, great full-grown world, for they are very precious things. Where pale Poverty plies the needle, where death waits for Famine's victim—in the almshouse, the schoolhouse, and the prison—where there is juvenile depravity and genuine childish nobility, there are *our* children. We are older than they; we have gone on in advance; we know the lion's lair and the sunny nook of the serpent. We have stumbled again and again over the rough places; we know where the flowers bloom, where the song-bird builds her nest, and feeds her young. May we not, then, gather these, our little ones, about us, and, mother like, warn, encourage, counsel; point out the pleasant and the dangerous places?

We have already an army of helpers. A big bundle of poems, stories, incidents, sketches and historical facts, are waiting to go to you. Hudson Tuttle is going to write you geological letters. Mrs. Kimball has sent you, from her California home, a monstrous bundle of sketches of people she meets there, and many others have promised to write to and for you. Better than all, we have the promise of a *whole* paper devoted exclusively to you. Wont that be down-right good?

California Sketches No 1.

Dear Young Folks:—Thinking you would like to know whom or what you are bound to meet in the streets of this city, I have concluded to tell you. First you will meet but a few old people, for this is a new country and a great way from the old states, and but few aged people break early ties and wander so far. The few whose hair is gray and step feeble, feel like the first of a race whose early associates have wearied of life's toils and lain down to rest. So all is bustle—the stir of more than a hundred thousand souls, in the beginning and prime of life.

You would not be likely to walk many blocks on the principal streets without meeting a military looking character who styles himself Emperor Norton I. He really imagines himself to be an emperor and wears his honors with all the dignity of a real sovereign. He dresses in a blue uniform with large equuletts and gilt buttons, and a military cap to match. He has a sprinkling of the love of nature as well as of power, for you would rarely meet him without a rose in his coat button-hole, and another, or a small boquet, in his hand.

He makes but little conversation with common citizens, but when a foreign embassador, or a Russian commodore appears on the streets he salutes him in true military style. He is poor, having lost a large fortune in early times, which quite unbalanced his intellect. He is kindly cared for by benevolent friends, and in his intercourse with people is perfectly harmless. His time is so much occupied with imaginary cares, that he pays but little attention to cleanliness. He wears the same suit until it becomes too dirty for public eyes, when he suddenly appears in a new uniform—a charity gift.

He is a regular "dead head." When he wishes to take a trip across the bay, or in any public conveyance, the conductor passes him as if he owned the ferry or railroad line.

When he hears of any foreign national difficulty he talks confidently of settling the matter, as in the recent Japanese broil he exclaimed, with authority, "I'll see that this thing is stopped at once!" He is always at parades and processions to see that all passes off in an orderly manner. Indeed, he is certain that he is the most important man in the nation, and I presume enjoys his honors as much as a king on his throne. I have never seen the "Emperor" annoyed by boys, or any one else, and he is uniformly good tempered and dignified. On one occasion, however, his anger overcome his royalty. He saw his own likeness on a card with "Bummer and Lazarus," the two dogs whose history you may have read. His highness felt quite insulted at being grouped with dogs in a "free lunch saloon." His red face grew redder at the sight, and he gave the innocent picture a determined thrust with his cane, breaking the window between them, and gratifying his unusual anger.

The loss of reason is one of the saddest things of life. Be kind to such poor unfortunates as Emperor Norton.

Uncle Freddy Coombs is quite the reverse of his majesty Norton I., but is as prominent a character.

You have seen old pictures of George Washington in full continental dress—his white hair nicely combed, ruffled shirt, short pants and long stockings. Uncle Freddy spares no pains to imitate in dress and looks the father of our country, and he succeeds admirably. His face bears a striking resemblance to that of Washington's, and any one at a glance would comprehend the object of his oddity. He is always perfectly clean, and usually wears light buff coat and pants, broad rimmed hat; his face is smoothly shaved and reflects a most happy and good natured smile.

He is often seen heading a procession of boys with flags of strange device; frequently with one bearing the inscription "Free ditcher and matrimonial candidate." He is by profession a phrenologist, and is said to be a man of considerable scientific knowledge. His head and face indicate intelligence and great power for usefulness, yet such are his eccentricities, or insanity, that he is wearing away a life, nearly spent, in childish folly and vanity.

Sometimes he sports a green velvet bag, filled with songs, or something of the sort, for sale, and solicits the patronage of ladies, with good humored perseverance. He is fat and fair, seems always cheerful and contented. I do not believe he ever frets over life's ills, or wishes to change condition with the most prosperous soul in the city.

The solitary dog, "Bummer," still stretches himself on the paving stones, watches the progress of events, and eats his usual rations—the gift of loving charity—as he has done for many years.

A few days ago, a man, who had no love for Bummer, gave the poor brute a most ungentlemanly kick, for which he was fined ten dollars. It will teach him to treat *pioneers* with becoming respect.

Like a devoted human companion Bummer still mourns in quiet widowhood the loss of his companion. I hope that when he has eaten his last meal, sunned himself for the last time, and taken his last stroll about the city, he will find another home with Lazarus, where they will be as happy together as they ever were here. Don't you all agree with

San Francisco. F. M. K.

"Bummer and Lazarus."

"F. M. K.," in her "California Sketches," speaks of "Bummer and Lazarus." Some of you may not know to whom she refers. If I remember rightly Bummer, a fine animal of the canine species, was accidentally left in San Francisco by a sailor, many years ago. The kind-hearted people took the dog in charge, built him a small wigwam and fed him from their tables. For some years Bummer lived a sort of bachelor life. At last he found a kindred spirit, a poor forlorn fellow, who, like himself, had been left by a steamboat. Bummer took Lazarus (as he was called) to his quarters and shared with him the city rations. They lived harmoniously some years—walking, eating and sleeping together. At length Lazarus sickened and died. San Francisco gave him a resp ectable burial. Now poor Bummer goes his solitary round, eats his charity-meals, sleeps where the twain once slept, and dreams, it may be, of a reunion with his lost love.

JEWETT & GOODMAN'S

EXCELSIOR ORGANS,

WITH

AUTOMATIC SWELL.

No. 11—4 Octave, 2 sets Reeds, 2 Stops, Oak or Walnut Case,..... $140
No. 12—5 Octave, Single Reed, Walnut Case,..... 130
No. 14—5 Octave, 2 sets Reeds, 4 Stops, Oak or Walnut Case,..... 170
No. 15—5 Octave, 2 sets Reeds, 4 Stops, Elegant Rosewood Case,..... 200
No. 16—5 Octave, 3 sets Reeds, 6 Stops, Oak or Walnut Case,..... 300
No. 17—5 Octave, 3 sets Reeds, 6 Stops, Elegant Rosewood Case,..... 360

LARGER STYLES MADE TO ORDER.

The Excelsior Organs have the Double Bellows—Automatic Swell—Perfect Mute—Combination Valve,—and for Power and Quality of Tone, Workmanship and Durability are unsurpassed.

MELODEONS.

No. 2—4½ Octave, Portable Style,..... $ 85
No. 4—5 Octave, Portable Style,..... 100
No. 5—6 Octave, Portable Style,..... 135
No. 6—5 Octave, Piano Style,..... 135
No. 7—6 Octave, Piano Style,..... 170
No. 8—5 Octave, Piano Style, 2 sets Reeds, 4 Stops,..... 200

ORGAN MELODEONS.

No. 9—2 sets Reeds, 4 Stops, 2 Banks Keys, Elegant Case, Carved Legs,..... $275

N. B.—Only the best of material is used in the construction of these Instruments, and warranted for five years.

All orders must be sent to

H. M. HIGGINS,

117 Randolph Street,

Who is the Wholesale General Agent for the Northwest.

☞ A liberal discount will be made to Teachers and Dealers. For particulars address

H. M. HIGGINS,
1-1t 117 Randolph st., Chicago.

LAMB'S

KNITTING MACHINE

Knits the Heel into the Stocking and Narrows off the Toe Complete,

LEAVING ONLY A SMALL OPENING AT THE HEEL TO BE CLOSED, AND NOT A MINUTES HAND-KNITTING.

LAMB'S MACHINE

Is the only one in the World that can set up its Own Work.

IT KNITS ANY DESIRED SIZE without removing needles, from four loops forming a cord, up to its fullest capacity; widens and narrows by varying the number of loops, the same as by hand, and knits the web either tubular, double or flat, with selvidge, producing Shawls, Nublas, Breadfast Capes, Jackets, Hoods, Sacks, Wrappers, Drawers, Comforts, Leggings, Smoking and Skating Caps, Cravats, Suspenders, Lamp Wicks, Gloves, Mittons, &c.

All other machines knit merely a straight tube, into which the heel and toe are sewed or knit by hand, "narrow and widen" only knitting tight and loose, and reduce the number of loops only by removing the needles from between other needles, thus leaving open spaces in the work, which destroy its uniformity and durability.

IT IS THE MOST PROFITABLE MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR WOMEN.

Every Machine warranted to work as represented. Come and witness the operations of the "Complete Knitter" and the "Crowning Triumph."

☞ Wanted, Agents. For circulars address (enclosing stamp) to 148 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, or 128 Clark st., Chicago. [1-1t] S. BRANSON, Agent.

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Eye and Ear Infirmary,

REYNOLDS' BLOCK,

Corner Dearborn and Madison Sts., Chicago.

B. P. REYNOLDS, M. D.

(Late of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital and University College, London, England.)

SURGEON, OCULIST & AURIST.

DR. REYNOLDS will promptly and faithfully attend to all professional business entrusted to his care, and will warrant a permanent cure in all cases where the organs are perfect in formation.

FRENCH ARTIFICIAL EYES, EAR DRUMS, &c., inserted. ☞ Examination and opinion free.

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(Of Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN

FOR

CHRONIC DISEASES,

HAS OPENED ROOMS AT

THE HEALING INSTITUTE,

No. 119 Wisconsin Street,

(OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE),

MILWAUKEE, - - WISCONSIN,

Till November 15th, 1865.

CHRONIC DISEASES CURED WITH A FEW OPERATIONS!

NO MEDICINES GIVEN!

No Surgical Operations Performed.

But five to thirty minutes are required for inveterate cases of almost any curable Chronic Diseases; and so certain is the effect, that many diseases require but few operations, excepting Paralysis, Deafness, Epilepsy and Consumption. Exception is also made to Broken Bones, Dislocations, Bad Curvatures of the Spine, and Supperated Tumors. Even these will be much benefitted, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully cured. Diseases which are most certain of being cured, with a few exceptions, are: Weak Spines, Internal Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Diseased Liver, Kidneys, Heart, Falling of the Womb, all kinds of Sexual Weakness, Weakness of the Limbs, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Diabetes, Nervous Debility, &c.

Paralysis is the most slow and uncertain with this treatment; sometimes, though rarely, patients have been fully restored with one operation. They are, however, always benefited. So many thousand are already acquainted with the method of treatment, as practiced by me at Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Binghampton, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., and at Detroit Mich., that it seems unnecessary to say more than that by it the vital forces become equalized; and what seems more wonderful is, that diseases heretofore considered incurable—like the Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Weak Spines and Fever Sores—are frequently cured with one operation. It is well, however, for those who come from a distance, to have a second.

TESTIMONIALS:

During three years practice I have performed 60,000 operations, and for the satisfaction of invalids, I give the names of a few who have been *cured* lately.

Miss Eilza A. Fleming, Port Hudson, St. Clair co., Mich., bedriden ten years; unable to stand or walk. Dyspepsia, Spinal Difficul.y, Female Difficulty; (Retroversion) and Complete Nervous Prostration. Perfectly cured with a few operations. Will reply to inquiries.

Miss Gertrude Titus, 72 Shelby st., Detroit, Mich. Rheumatic Affection for three months. Elbow badly swollen and unbendable; unable to open or shut the hand. Perfectly cured with operation of five minutes.

Mrs. N. Y. Forsyth, 108 Farmer st., Detroit, Mich. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. One year unable to walk without crutches. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mrs. Sarah A. Mason, corner Cass st. and Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich. Amaurosia, or Paralysis of the Optic Nerve. Cured instantly Can now see to read fine print distinctly.

Miss Mary E. Bentham, Grand Rapids, Mich. Epilepsy, Female Weakness and Spinal Difficulty. Bed-ridden for upwards of a year. Brought into my operating room in arms. Made to walk, strong and active, as well as any one, in five minutes.

Mrs. A. A. Fish, Detroit, Mich. Ovarian Tumor. Pronounced incurable by several physicians of the city. Perfectly cured in a few moments.

Mr. John Tarbell, 45 Washington avenue, Detroit, Mich. Dyspepsia. Three years a great sufferer. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mr. J. T. Bloomfield, Conductor on Detroit and Toledo railroad. Deaf 15 years. Made to hear distinctly in five minutes.

Mrs. Margaret McCormick, Ypsilanti Mich. Chronic Rheumatism. Unable to move without assistance. Made to walk as well as any one in two minutes.

Vivalda White, Chelsea, Mich. Complete loss of voice. Perfectly restored in one minute.

Mr. W. L. Robson, Lansing, Mich. Paralysis, Sciatic Nerve, caused by a musket shot wound at the battle of South Mountain, Md., 1862. Examined by nine different surgeons and pronounced incurable. For two years unable to walk without splint. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Miss Eliza E. Richards, Bass Lake, Washtenaw county, Mich. Prolapsus Uteri, Spinal Disease and Sciatica, occasioned by a fall from a carriage. Four years a cripple. Perfectly cured in ten minutes. Left crutches and walked away.

Mr. Oliver Ruby, Macomb county, Mich. Paralysis—unable to stand or walk. Made to walk in ten minutes.

Mrs. Eliza Donaldson, Wyandotte, Wayne county, Mich. Epileptic Fits and Complete Nervous Prostration. Unable to stand alone. Perfectly cured in an instant.

Mrs. Philander Ewell, Disco, Macomb county, Mich. Heart Disease, Female Weakness, General Weakness. Perfectly cured.

Mr. Alonzo Briggs, New Baltimore, Macomb county, Mich. Fever Sore. A great sufferer for ten years. Perfectly cured with one operation.

Mrs. P. B. Sherwood, Newfield, Tompkins county, N. Y. Ovarian Tumor and Prolapsus Uteri. Perfectly cured, and will reply to inquiries.

Miss Jane A. Sheridan, 114 South Fitzhugh street, Rochester, N. Y. Hip Disease, eight years. Obliged to use crutches six years. Left crutches and walked away without assistance, after a single operation. Can be referred to.

Mrs. Eliza Vahue, Niles street, Rochester, N. Y. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. Very sensitive and painful; unable to move without crutches. Cured in five minutes. Left her crutches and resumed her usual vocations.

Mrs. Mary Pero, 37 South Washington street, Rochester, N. Y. Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and General Debility. For several years a great sufferer. Fully cured with two operations, and may be referred to.

Mrs. Henry E. Spaulding, Elmira, N. Y. Complete Loss of Voice. Had not spoken above a whisper in ten months. Was made to talk loud and distinct with one operation of fifteen minutes.

Miss Martha N. White, Hinsdale, Cataraugus county, N. Y. General Weakness, Spinal Disease and Female Weakness. Bed ridden most of the time for two years; only able to sit up a few moments at a time. Cured by touch—instantly—and will reply to any inquiries.

Miss Maria Duel, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, N. Y. Hip Disease and Spinal Affection. Obliged to use crutches thirty-one years. Instantly cured and left her crutches.

Mr. Elmer Dimick, Ypsilanti, Mich. Epileptic Fits every five days for four years. Perfectly cured.

Mrs. Harriet Lincoln, Spencerport, Monroe county, N. Y. Asthma. Perfectly cured in one minute.

Mrs. Martin Edgerton, Orangeport, Niagara county, N. Y. Great Mental Depression—almost insanity. Instantly cured.

Mr. H. C. Clark, Kendall Mills, Orleans county, N. Y. Rheumatism. Cured instantly.

Miss A. Maria Wait, Walworth, Wayne county, N. Y. Sciatica, of long standing; unable to walk without crutches for three years. Cured in one minute. Left her crutches, and walked away.

Miss Emma Lee, Dunkirk, N. Y. Hip Disease. Unable to walk without crutches. After one operation could walk with ease.

Mr. Edgar A. Gay, 24 Orange street, Rochester, N. Y. Inflammatory Rheumatism, seven weeks. For four weeks confined to rocking chair, unable to move hand or foot. Perfectly restored in four operations, and may be referred to.

Mr. Thaddeus S. Hayward, Clayton, Lenawee county, Mich. Sciatica, Spinal and Kidney Disease. Four months unable to walk without crutches, and (although pronounced incurable by three different physicians) was made to walk as well as any one in five minutes, and left his crutches.

Mr. Lewis Lobdell, Adrian, Mich. Dyspepsia and Nervous Rheumatism. Perfectly cured with two operations.

Prof. J. W. Hartal, Adrian, Mich. Complete Nervous Prostration, Night Sweats, &c. Confined to bed for five months, constantly. Almost instantly restored.

TERMS OF TREATMENT

Always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially invited, without money or price. 1-1t

COOKING

Without Heating the Room

THE

PETROLEUM COOKING STOVE!

KNOWN as the "UNION OIL STOVE," recently invented by one of the progressive minds of the age, is a complete apparatus for doing the cooking of a family of any size, at

LESS THAN ONE-THIRD THE EXPENSE OF WOOD OR COAL!

And is *warranted* to do all the work of a common Cooking Stove, at a great saving of time, trouble, and expense. Having the fullest confidence in its utility, we offer it to the public as the only *Kerosene* or *Coal Oil* Stove that will Bake, Boil, heat Flat-Irons, &c., with entire satisfaction. It may be used in KITCHEN OR PARLOR.

Without Dirt, Ashes, Smoke or Odor.

The ordinary Stove Furniture is used, with the addition of the "*Flat-Iron Heater.*" Kerosene or Carbon Oil is used, and, at one dollar a gallon, it will cost one cent an hour for each burner used, thereby saving the cost of the Stove in the expense of Fuel in a short time.

This *NEW PETROLEUM COOKING APPARATUS* has now been in successful operation for several months, and its practical merits have been thoroughly tested, as the following testimonials from several of our well known citizens will abundantly show:

Messrs. CROSS, DANE & WESTLAKE, *50 State Street, Chicago, Ill.*

Gentlemen:—Having seen the "Union Oil Stoves," manufactured by you, in successful operation in the "Ladies Restaurant," and other departments of the "*Great Northwestern Sanitary Fair*," we take pleasure in commending them to the public, and hope they will meet the liberal patronage they so justly deserve.

MRS. E. F. DICKINSON, Chairman of the Ladies Restaurant.
MRS. D. P. LIVERMORE, } Mem. Ex. Com.
MRS. A. H. HOGE, } N. W. Fair.

Chicago, July 1st, 1865.

Among the many families using these Stoves in this city—and there are many instances where no other fire has been used in the house for weeks,—we are permitted to refer to Mrs. Prentiss, 168 S. Desplaines st.; Mrs. Lord, 190 S. Clark st.; C. W. Franklin, 104 Washington st.; Mrs. Jordan, 78 N. Dearborn st.; Samuel Hoard, Esq., P. M., Chicago; Mrs. Fuller, 146 Madison st.; Mr. F. E. Rigby, Jr., 89 Randolph st.

A QUICK MEAL IN A COOL ROOM!

Only twenty minutes required to heat water, draw tea, and prepare sau e for supper *without* heating the room, or the trouble of kindling a fire further than lighting a lamp.

LADIES WILL PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF THIS!

Recommended by Physicians, Nurses and Patients

The "Union Oil Stove" is invaluable in the sick room, especially when hot water is required in the *night*, as water can be heated over this stove while the fire is being kindled in the ordinary wood or coal stove.

HOW TO AVOID HEAVY BREAD AND BURNT CRUST.

Another leading feature represented by this stove is, that it keeps up a *uniform* heat; and the preparing of meals can be accomplished in considerable less time than with the wood or coal stoves, and without burning the articles while cooking, which is a great satisfaction to all lovers of wholesome food who desire to *avoid* burnt potatoes, heavy biscuit, and other unpalatable effects of imperfect cooking.

No. 1 Union Stove—Will heat one Flat-Iron in fifteen minutes. Just the thing for heating Glue Pots. Price, including Flat-Iron Heater for one Iron, $3.00.

This is a small sized stove with a single burner. It is a neat little apparatus, designed to heat water, boil coffee, prepare tea, &c., for parties boarding, and for sick rooms and nurseries. It will boil a pint of water in about five minutes, prepare food for invalids and young children; also for cooking the solitary meals of old bachelors and maids, the heating of glue pots for mechanics, making paste for book-binders, and perform numerous services that commend it to all, at a cost of only one cent per hour for fuel.

No. 2 Union Stove—With Flat-Iron Heater, will heat three Irons in fifteen minutes. Common Stove Furniture can be used on this stove. Price, including Flat-Iron Heater and Bread Toaster, $6.00.

This stove has four burners, and is the ordinary size for families. With it can be used such cooking utensils as are in common use, viz: A tea kettle, saucepan, spider, kettle, boiler, or griddle. There is a *Combination Oven* for the No. 2 Stove, consisting of a *galvanized iron* oven (which retains all the heat within) of sufficient capacity for baking potatoes, bread, biscuit, cakes, pies, and roasting meats, or fowls, for a large family; also a boiler for puddings, &c., and a steamer for vegetables, &c. The boiler and steamer rests over or sets in a large reservoir holding *over a gallon* of water, which will boil within twenty minutes, and can be drawn off by simply turning a faucet, for making tea, coffee, and supplying hot water for any use desired. Only from fifteen to twenty-five minutes required for baking potatoes, biscuit or cake.

Price of the Combination Oven, which includes the Boiler and Steamer, $10.00.

Price of No. 2 STOVE, including FLAT-IRON HEATER, BREAD TOASTER and COMBINATION OVEN, when ordered at one time, $15.00.

No. 3 Double Stove—With Tea Kettle and Baker.—A common Wash Boiler and all the Stove Furniture in common use can be used on this stove, and the same Baker or Combination Oven as on No. 2. Price, without Furniture, $10.00.

With this Stove Washing and Baking for a large family can be performed as readily as on the ordinary coal or wood stoves.

In addition to the above list, a smaller size HEATER has just been added for *Chafing Dishes, Coffee Urns, &c.* It is called the *No. 0 size, Price* $1.50. It can be adapted to any of the various patterns of Dishes and Urns now in common use.

Can be seen in practical operation at "Chauncey's" Restaurant, No. 44 Dearborn Street.

No. 2 Union Stove—With **HEATING DRUM.** Price of the Heating Drum, $2.00. Designed for the No. 2 Union Stove.

The Drum radiates a large amount of heat at a trifling expense. It is useful for Sitting-Rooms, Offices or Conservatories.

The Union Stove is *non-heating*, but by attaching the Heating Drum the room is warmed in a short time; hence this Stove can be made a Heating or a Cooking Stove, as circumstances may require.

A Company has recently formed to manufacture and introduce the "Union Oil Stoves" in the Northwest, and they are now prepared to fill orders. The goods will be carefully packed and promptly shipped.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.

☞ The public generally are respectfully invited to call and see the Stoves in operation at the Company's Salesroom, No. 50 State Street.

☞ Agents wanted in every county in the Northwest.

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS OFFERED.

All enquiries and orders for the Union Stoves, or Agencies, must be addressed to

CROSS, DANE & WESTLAKE,

Manufacturers of Stoves and Tinware,

1.1t *NO. 50 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.*

HEALING THE SICK

BY THE

LAYING ON OF HANDS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the Dynamic Institute, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our institution is commodious, with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground overlooking the lake. Our past success is truely marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands.

TESTIMONIALS.

P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee—three years totally deaf in one ear, and eye-sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write without glasses, besides paralysis of the whole system. Eye-sight and hearing perfectly restored in less than 15 minutes and otherwise greatly strengthened.

Philip Adler, Milwaukee—rheumatism in heart, chest and one arm, cured in less than 10 minutes.

L. Juneau, Milwaukee, (son of Paul Juneau,)—white swelling and rheumatism in both limbs with bone disease—could scarcely walk with crutches; in 20 minutes was made to walk without them, and in a few weeks became fleshy and in good health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Waushara Co., Wis.—60 years old, very fleshy. Hip Ail and falling of the womb for 21 years, cured in 5 minutes.

Leander Blair, Rosendale, Wis.—by falling from a building 15 feet on a stump, injured in spine, chest and stomach, in Aug., 1862, causing epileptic fits ever since, as many as twenty-five in a day, and was unable to perform any labor. Cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Ripon, Wis.—dyptheria, a very bad case, cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCauley, Ripon, Wis.—ovarian tumor and falling of womb, cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendale, Wis.—white swelling and rheumatism, was unable to use her limbs since last May; made to walk in twenty minutes.

Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis.—typhoid fever for two weeks, cured in five minutes.

Joseph Kettlewell, Berlin, Wis.—by a fall from a load of hay and striking on his head, injured upper portion of spine, drawing his head upon his shoulder, and was unable to put out his arm, suffered for six years, spent $700 dollars and received no benefit. Cured in three minutes.

The above cases we have certificates of which may be referred to.

Special References:—Col. Geo. H. Walker, Geo. W. Allen, Esq., Lester Sexton, Esq., Kellogg Sexton, Esq., Lewis J. Higby, Esq., all of this city.

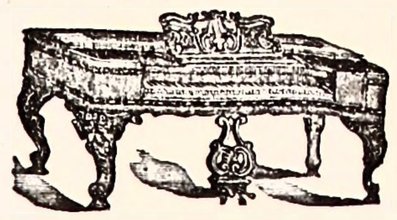
Those who are absolutely poor are cordially invited to call on each Saturday afternoon. We will treat them free of charge. Personal cleanliness absolutely required in all cases. The institution is located on Marshall, two doors south of Division street, and within 100 feet of the Street Railroad. Post Office drawer 177.

DRS. PERSONS, GOULD & CO.

Milwaukee, August 1, 1865.—[1-1t

JULIUS BAUER & CO.,

GREAT



Piano Forte and Melodeon

EMPORIUM.

WAREROOMS IN "CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,"

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NEW YORK WAREROOMS, 650 BROADWAY.

Wholesale Agents for the United States for

WILLIAM KNABE & CO'S

CELEBRATED

GOLD MEDAL PIANO FORTES.

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And other first class Pianos. And for the celebrated

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Harmoniums, Melodeons and Organs,

Manufacturers and Importers of all kinds of Musical Instruments.

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FIRST EDITION EXHAUSTED. New and revised edition now ready. A new method of Instruction for the Piano, Voice and Harmony, By Geo. F. Root, entitled the

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